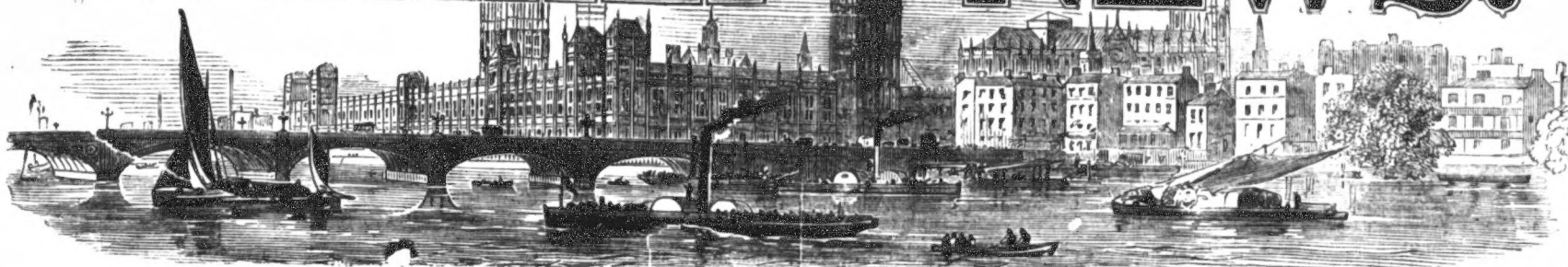


John Smith's PENNY and ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

RINGING out the old and ringing in the new year, with "a merry new year! a happy new year to you!" on New Year's Day, were greetings that moved sceptred pride, and humble labour, to smiles and kind feelings in former times; and why should they be unfashionable in our own?

Dr. Drake observes, in "Shakspeare and his Times," that the ushering in of the new year, or new year's tide, with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed during the sixteenth century, with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the court of the prince as in the cottage of a peasant.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, in his valuable "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," adduces various authorities to show that congratulations, presents, and visits were made by the Romans on this day. The origin, he says, is ascribed to Romulus and Tatius, and that the usual presents were figs and dates, covered with leaf-gold, and sent by clients to patrons, accompanied with a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of deities. He mentions an amphora (a jar) which still exists, with an inscription denoting that it was a New Year's present from the potters to their patroness. He also instances from Count Caylus a piece of Roman pottery, with an inscription wishing "a happy new year to you;" another where a person wishes it to himself and his son; and three medallions, with the laurel leaf, fig, and date; one of Commodus; another, of Victory; and a third, Janus, standing in a temple, with an inscription, wishing a happy new year to the emperor. New Year's gifts were continued under the Roman emperors until they were prohibited by Claudius. Yet in the early age of the Church the Christian emperors received them; nor did they wholly cease, although condemned

by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation.

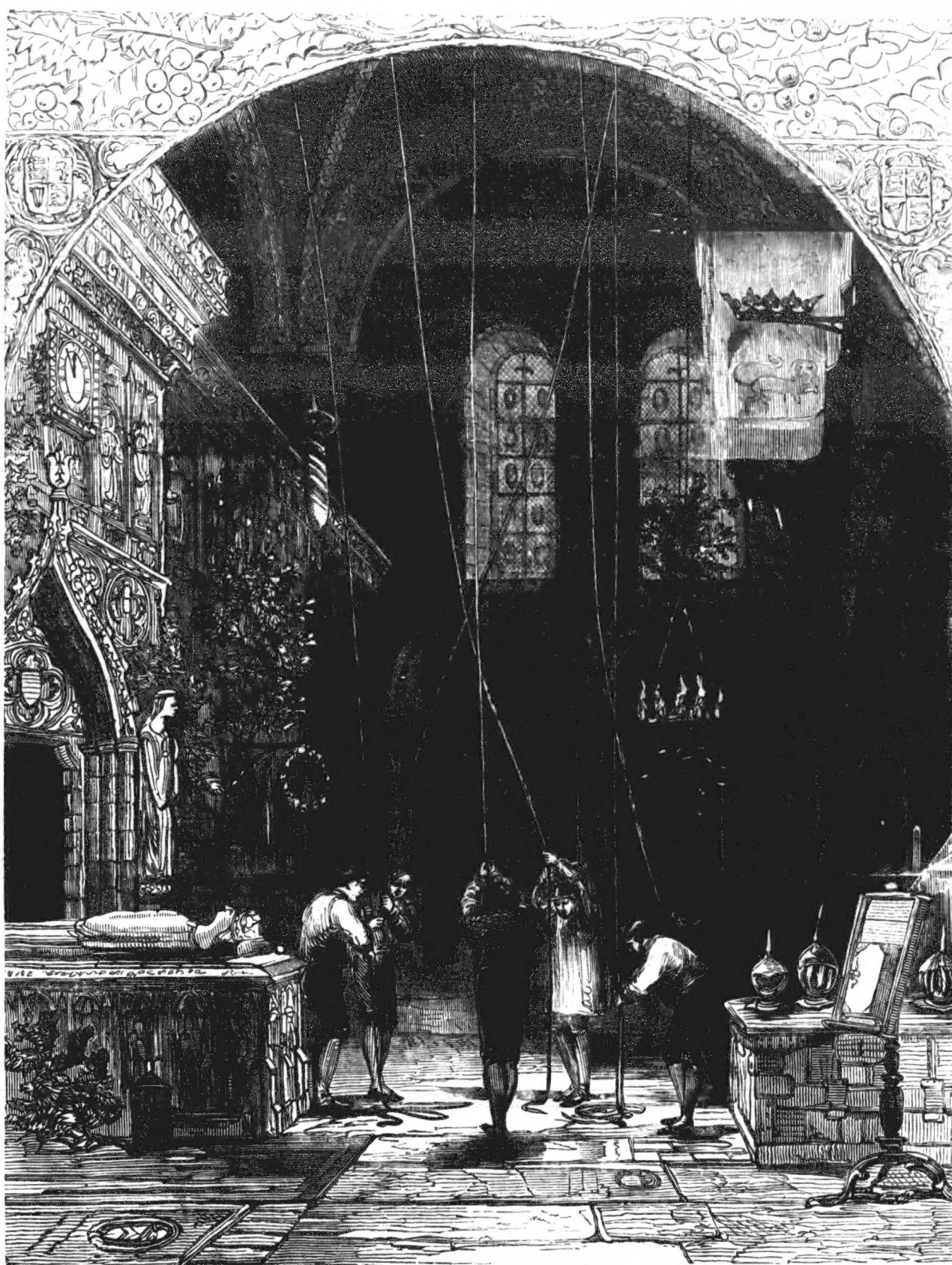
The Druids were accustomed on certain days to cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, in a forest dedicated to the gods, and

to distribute its branches with much ceremony as New Year's gifts among the people.

Honest old Latimer, instead of presenting Henry VIII with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a New Year's gift, put into the king's hands a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4, which, on reference, will be found to have been worthy of all acceptance, though not perhaps well accepted. Dr. Drake is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewellery of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on New Year's Day. He cites lists of the New Year's gifts presented to her, from the original rolls published in her Progresses by Mr. Nichols; and from these it appears that the greatest part, if not all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of State, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, &c., gave New Year's gifts to her Majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c.

Plus were acceptable New Year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers, which they used to the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a composition in money; and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Gloves were customary New Year's gifts. They were more expensive than in our times, and occasionally a money present was tendered instead; this was called "glove-money." Sir Thomas More, as Lord Chancellor, decreed in favour of a Mrs. Croaker against the Lord Arundel. On the following New Year's Day, in token of her gratitude, she presented Sir Thos. with a pair of gloves, containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said the chancellor, "to refuse a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves;



RINGING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN

their lining you will be pleased otherwise to bestow." Mr. Brand relates, from a curious MS. in the British Museum, dated 1560, that the boys of Eton school used on this day to play for little New Year's gifts before and after supper; and also to make verses, which they presented to the provost and masters, and to each other: New Year's gifts of verses, however, were not peculiar to schoolboys.

"RING OUT THE FALSE, RING IN THE TRUE."

We publish the following lines from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as an illustration of the deeper meanings suggested to the greatest of our living poets by the subject of the engraving which appears on our front page:—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

[From *Le Follet*.]

The weather having at last become more reasonable, the winter materials decided upon and exhibited for the last two months are now brought into requisition. We are very glad to welcome the return of brocaded silks; there is hardly any dress more suitable for an elderly lady. Young ones have not yet adopted it, excepting for tunics, or portions of a dress.

Satin is also much in favour for almost all purposes—ball or visiting dresses, mantles and bonnets. There is scarcely any fabric so elegant or essentially "grande dame."

Velvet, that used to be reserved for toilettes of ceremony, is now making its appearance for all kinds of occasions; and the velvetene, so fashionable this autumn, is rapidly giving way to plush and poplin. The plush dresses and mantles en suite look very elegant and seasonable, and require little or no trimming. The terry velvet dresses are, in our opinion, more elegant, and decidedly more dressy.

The silk or woollen reps are much in use for morning dresses; moires, fays, poul-de-soie antiques, still keeping much in favour.

Stripes are still in the ascendancy, but are no longer plain, as formerly; they are formed of medallions or small patterns.

Fur is very much worn as trimming, the species preferred being astrakan, sable, chinchilli, martin, mink, and squirrel; the two latter being preferred for very young ladies and children.

For evening wear, satins and silks are much worn; but for young ladies who dance, lighter materials are considered preferable—such as gauze, nets, tarlatanes, or tulles, worn over silk or satin under-skirts. The usual trimmings for these dresses are ruffles, beads, and flowers.

Hardly any alteration worth mentioning has taken place in the form and trimmings of the mantles worn this month. They are still ornamented with small bands of fur, and have long handsome guides at the back of the neck. The long hanging sleeves are likely to come into great favour for cloaks, especially if made of velvet or satin. If the mantle is of velvet or satin, trimmed with fur or feathers, the muff is invariably made to correspond.

A few attempts have been made to introduce some very ugly forms for bonnets, but those at present in wear—the "Catalane" and the "Lamballe"—are so very becoming and elegant, that we sincerely trust that they will not be replaced.

Crinoline, in spite of all the abuse and prognostications against it, is still worn, and likely to be so. The form is very much altered, but the skirt, let it be of what material it may, invariably has a few steels, but only round the bottom.

For out-of-door wear, with the short dresses, a small round crinoline is worn (no lady ever attempts to appear in a short dress without one). With an in-door or evening dress, the crinoline is long behind, and made with a train.

Linen collars and cuffs, with medallions of lace, are much worn; very fine tatting is also very much in favour for this purpose.

The hats worn are exactly the same as those introduced last month, and are ornamented in the same manner, the materials being generally velvet, felt, or beaver.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A WHITEHAVEN GENTLEMAN. Very painful rumours have been afloat in this town during the last ten days respecting the mysterious disappearance of a gentleman holding several important legal appointments, and very much respected generally. The gentleman in question left his home some weeks ago on business, and was last heard of in London on Sunday, the 9th inst., when he dined and spent the evening with some friends from this district; on leaving them he gave out that he proposed starting for Whitehaven that evening, and actually caused a passing cab to be engaged to convey him to the railway station. He, however, never reached Whitehaven, and since that date nothing has been heard of him, and all efforts to trace his movements have proved unsuccessful, notwithstanding some of the most experienced detectives have been on the alert. There are strong suspicions of foul play, and his friends are, as may be imagined, in a most painful state of anxiety respecting his fate, about which such a cloud of doubt and suspicion hangs at present. It is, however, hoped that it is not too late for the mystery to be satisfactorily cleared up.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

Notes of the Week.

HENRY GABBITER, aged sixteen, who was found guilty at the recent assizes at Leeds of the wilful murder of his fellow-apprentice, Arthur Allan, at Sheffield, has had his sentence respited. The respite, which was received on Saturday morning by Mr. Keene, Governor of Armley Gaol, Leeds, was signed by the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, the Home Secretary, and was as follows:—"I am commanded to inform you that the sentence of death passed upon Henry Gabbiter is respited until further signification of her Majesty's pleasure." Upon the receipt of this communication Mr. Keene at once informed the convict that the clemency of the Crown had been extended to him, and that should the usual custom be followed in this case, instructions would be received in a few days from the clerk of assize intimating that the sentence of death had been commuted to that of penal servitude for life. Gabbiter exhibited great emotion at this grateful intelligence and wept copiously. He also stated that he did not care so much for imprisonment for life, because he felt that his crime fully deserved such an imprisonment.

THE death of Samuel Gibson, aged twenty-five, who was killed by the great car at the Agricultural Hall on Boxing-night, was inquired into before Dr. Lankester on Saturday. Mr. George Sanger, proprietor of the equestrian troupe at present performing in the Agricultural Hall, was first examined, and in answer to the coroner, said he lived "all over the world," but his place of nativity was Newbury, Berkshire. He said the deceased had been a year or ten months in his employment as groom, and sometimes used to take charge of five, or perhaps ten, horses. The deceased had to clean, feed, and take care of five horses, and render himself generally useful. His salary was 18s. a week. Witness never saw the deceased under the influence of drink. At the time of the accident, he was leading one of nine horses that formed part of the procession. The horses were three abreast, and six grooms were attending to them. The "triumphal" carriage was about five tons weight, and its length was from eighteen to twenty feet. He had been an equestrian manager for sixteen years, and he had never before had a fatal accident in connexion with his establishment. Alfred Corringham, a groom in Sanger's establishment, said that the accident happened about half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday evening week. He was going by the side of the horses, the deceased being on the off side of the hippodrome leading to one of the horses in the second team. There was a great deal of excitement amongst the audience, and when, in obedience to them, the carriage was taken round a third time, the deceased fell, seemed bewildered, and rolled among the horses. The wheels of the carriage went across his ankles, and several of the audience went to his assistance. Mr. William Butler, M.R.C.S., deposed that the ribs of the deceased were broken, and that he had also congestion of the brain. He would not say from which cause the deceased died. The jury, after a short deliberation, found a verdict of "Accidental death," and the coroner said the foreman of the jury wished to express the opinion of the jury that in future Mr. Sanger ought to take care that the procession does not move so fast, and that it was "injudicious to run the chariot round the circus a third time after it had already gone round twice."

ON Sunday evening a robbery of property of the value of nearly £1,000 was effected at Mr. Jan Jonker's, Hope Hotel, Malinby. The property stolen consisted of a bag with two compartments, in one of which were fifty sovereigns, and in the other sixty-three gold napoleons; a savings-box containing several pounds, Belgian bonds for 1,000 guilders, and negotiable Dutch bonds for a large amount of money. It appears that about seven o'clock in the evening a dog on the premises barked a good deal, but, as there were no customers in the house at the time, no notice was taken by the inmates. At nine o'clock, however, Mr. Jonker's niece went up to his bedroom to light the fire, and she found the door of the iron safe open, the silver plate kept there strewn upon the floor, together with a bond for £100, and the other contents of the safe gone. There is a door in the passage through which a person can pass up-stairs without going into the smoke-room, in which Mr. Jonker and others of his household were sitting, and it is supposed that the thief or thieves may have availed themselves of that means of getting to the bedroom. Mr. Jonker went to the safe for some money he wanted on Saturday afternoon, and, as he was rather in a hurry at the time, he is not quite sure whether he locked the door of the safe or not. There is a second key belonging to the safe, but that is kept in the possession of his daughter. The lock had evidently not been tampered with, and therefore, whether the thief found the door unlocked, or whether he had a key which unlocked it for him, is not known at present. The fact of the silver plate and the bond for £100 being left on the floor would rather indicate that the plunderer was alarmed or disturbed in his operations.—*Cambrian Daily Leader*.

A VEGETARIAN FESTIVAL.—A rather remarkable festival was held at Blennerhasset, Cumberland, on Christmas Day, upon the farm of Mr. William Lawson, son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Brayton. The farm is conducted on the co-operative principle—a tithe of the profits being divided among the workers, and Mr. William Lawson and his servants are vegetarians. All the people of the district who chose to write beforehand for free tickets or to pay 4d. on Christmas Day were invited. Musicians were requested to take their instruments with them, and it was added, "those who like may bring their own spoons." About 1,000 people attended. The farm buildings were decorated, and in the large rooms, singing and dancing and lecturing on phrenology, co-operation, vegetarianism, and physiology went forward at intervals during the day. At noon a meal of grain, fruit, and vegetables was given, which rather surprised some of the beef-eating peasantry who had assembled to take part in the festival. There were raw turnips, boiled cabbages, boiled wheat, boiled barley, shelled peas (half a ton of each of these three last-named); oatmeal gruel, with chopped carrots, turnips, and cabbage in it; boiled horse beans, boiled potatoes; salads, made of chopped carrots, turnips, cabbages, parsley, &c., over which was poured linseed boiled to a jelly. As there were no condiments of any kind, either upon the extraordinary meesses or the table, and all being cold except the potatoes, it may be imagined that the guests did not sit down with much relish to their vegetarian fare. Each one had an apple and a biscuit presented on rising from the table. In the course of the afternoon Mr. Lawson's two steam-engines, called by him "Cain" and "Abel," set off with steam up and whistles screaming to lead a procession over the farm, but they did not get very far, and the procession was rather a straggling one. Good order was maintained all day, the farm servants of the establishment acting as officers, and Mr. W. Lawson himself performing the duty of special constable—a fact which was announced by placards posted up on the farm buildings bearing the words, "William Lawson, sworn constable."

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

It is reported that the Emperor has set his mind on adopting the main features of the new army scheme. Gossip says that having been addressed on this subject, certain persons ventured to declare that the education of nearly the whole youth of France to the use of arms was highly unpopular throughout the empire, on account of the scarcity of population and the demands of agriculture. To this the Emperor replied—"The French nation has not yet been consulted; if necessary, I shall find means to know what the people think."

AMERICA.

President Johnson has revoked the military order prohibiting corporal punishment in the department of the South, on the ground that it is an unwarrantable interference with the civil laws.

Thomas Madden, a Fenian prisoner, has been sentenced to be hung at Sweetsburg, Canada, on the 15th February.

General News.

CABINET councils, it is understood, will be resumed on Tuesday, the 8th of January, by which day all the ministers will be in town. This will give four weeks for deliberation before the session commences on Tuesday, February 5. There is good reason for believing that her Majesty will open parliament in person.

It is rumoured that the heir to the throne of Russia and his young bride will pay a visit to the royal family of England in the course of the ensuing summer.

THERE are 168 original applications to be admitted in the next term and the Hilary Vacation. The certificate duty annually exceeds 70,000/.

THE representation of racing plate, testimonials, &c., promises to be very complete at the Paris Exhibition. The following noblemen and gentlemen have already signified their intention of contributing pieces of plate, &c., in their possession:—His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Annesley, M. Comte de Lagrange, Colonel C. H. Lindsay, Colonel Towneley, Mr. George Angell, Mr. W. Blenkiron, Mr. E. Brayley, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. W. S. Cartwright, Mr. J. H. Douglas, Mr. F. Fisher, Mr. P. Anson, Mr. J. Jackson, Mr. Lubbock, Mr. A. Lupin, Mr. A. de Montgomery, Mr. T. Masterman, Mr. Parr, Mr. Newry Padwick, and Mr. R. Sutton.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—The seasonable weather which may be said to have set in on New Year's Eve, will require a little attention being paid to autumn-sown hardy annuals. A few branches of evergreens stuck in amongst them will protect them from drying winds and from sunshine after frosts. Lose no time now in finishing the planting of bulbs, such as tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, anemones, &c.; also take up and relay box-edging where necessary. Give pits and frames all the air possible in favourable weather, and prepare beds for ranunculuses.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—It would be as well to take every opportunity such as have been afforded during the past week to make small sowings of early-sown carrots, onions, peas, beans, and radishes; also to fill up blanks in cabbages. The principal work, however, to be done is the forking up and trenching of ground, in order that it may have the full advantage of frosts and thaws. Dig up and replant artichokes.

FRUIT GARDEN.—The planting of fruit trees may still be performed in mild weather, but advantage must be taken of the frosts to prune and fork up the ground near the stems, to destroy the larvae of grubs.

PROCLAMATION OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. The following proclamation was promulgated in the city of Mexico on the 5th inst:—

"Orizaba, Dec. 1.

"Mexicans.—Circumstances of great magnitude relating to the welfare of our country, and which increase in strength by our domestic difficulties, have produced in our mind the conviction that we ought to reconsider the power confided to us. Our council of ministers, by us convened, have given as their opinion that the welfare of Mexico still requires our presence at the head of affairs, and we have considered it our duty to accede to their requests, announcing at the same time our intentions to convocate a national congress on a most ample and liberal basis, where all political parties can participate, and this congress shall decide whether the empire shall continue in future, and in case of assent shall assist in framing fundamental laws to consolidate the public institutions of the country. To obtain this result our counsellors are at present engaged in devising the necessary means, and at the same time arranging matters in such a manner that all parties may assist in an arrangement on that basis. In the meantime, Mexicans, counting upon you all, without excluding any political class, we shall continue the work of regeneration with courage and constancy, having been placed in charge of your countrymen.

(Signed) "MAXIMILIAN."

FOUR BOYS BURIED ALIVE.—An alarming and nearly fatal accident occurred at Guthrie Port on Friday afternoon. A large part of the hill has been cut away immediately in front of Hope-mount House, where building operations are going on. It appears to be the habit of children in the neighbourhood to go into the place to play, and on Friday four young boys entered the enclosure by the open gates for this purpose. The children had not been more than a minute or two within the grounds, when, while they were in the midst of their play, a solid mass of earth, weighing about a ton and a half, fell out of the face of the hill, and buried them. Two of the poor little things were wholly out of sight, and the others were up to the neck in sand and earth. When the people came to their rescue, and as they were about to extricate a boy named Smart, the poor little lad, inviting attention to the more urgent case of one of his buried comrades, cried out, "There is another fellow in here." Three of the boys were got out without difficulty, and we are glad to say, with very little injury, as they were able to walk home. The fourth was Hunter Campbell, one of the two who had been completely covered up by the earth. It was not more than two or three minutes before he was extricated, but when he was taken out he was found bleeding at the nose and ears and insensible, being the effects of suffocation. The poor little fellow suffered considerably; but hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Arbroath Guide*.

THE AMERICAN YACHT RACE.—GRAND BANQUET AT COWES.

A DINNER was given on Saturday evening by the inhabitants of West Cowes in honour of the owners of the Henrietta, Fleetwing, and Vesta, at the Gloucester Hotel. Upwards of 100 guests were present. Sir John Simeon, Bart., M.P., presided. He was supported on the right by Mr. M'Vickers, commodore of the New York Yacht Club; Pierre Lorillard, owner of the Vesta; Colonel Thompson and Captain Browne, secretary to the Royal Yacht Squadron. On the left were Captain Luard, R.N., Colonel Armitage, Mr. J. G. Bennett, owner of the Henrietta; Major-General Seymour, Mr. J. Binfield Bird, chairman of committee (vice chair), and others.

The dinner was served in the saloon erected for the purpose which was tastefully decorated by flags of England and America and several appropriate devices, and presented an exceedingly tasteful appearance. During the evening the band of the Hector performed selections from Verdi, Coote, Hertel, Herold, &c. The dinner was well served, and in every respect satisfactory.

Letters of regret for not being present were then read from the Prince of Leiningen, Sir John Cowell, Major-General Sir John Biddulph, Rear-Admiral Hammond, Admiral Ratsey, Alfred Tennyson (Poet-Laureate), Mr. B. Stephenson, Captain Balliston, Admirals Percival, and Lowe, and several others. After the toast of "The Queen," which was drunk with all the honours.

The CHAIRMAN gave "The President of the United States." He was entitled, he said, to give as a toast on such an occasion the man selected by the mighty nation across the Atlantic, though there might be reasons why his policy had not met with the approval of all parties in the United States. He, no doubt, had full and sufficient reasons for the course he had adopted, and he was a man who would carry out the duties of his office with all due regard to the welfare and interests of the nation he governed, and his policy, no doubt, would conduce to the peace and prosperity of the nation over which he presided.

The CHAIRMAN next gave "The Armies and Navies of the United States and of Great Britain." He spoke of our own greatness, and said that we had only lately arrived at a due appreciation of the army of the United States. When both were united, mankind had the greatest security for the peace and liberties of the world.

Colonel TAYLOR, of the United States army, and General SEYMOUR, of the British army, responded for the respective armies.

Captain J. GORDON BENNETT and Captain LUARD responded for both navies in speeches replete with kindly feeling.

The CHAIRMAN next gave "Peace and prosperity to the United States and Old England." He spoke kindly of the New World. The toast was too important to be judged in a simply commercial point of view. The disagreement between the two countries was caused by the great similarity between both nations, and it was only by a more perfect knowledge of each other and a greater interest in each other that peaceable relations between them could be maintained. He hoped for perpetual and indissoluble unity between them. An honest understanding between both countries would bring this about.

Mr. JEROME responded in a humorous speech.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed "The Royal Yacht Squadron of New York," coupled with the name of Commodore M'Vickers. It was necessary at such a meeting that he should dilate in some degree upon the advantage of union between two such great countries. It must take a political turn, and was so far political as regarded the way in which the welfare of the two countries depended upon their union. It was most satisfactory to see the way in which the subject had been broached by both sides. This dinner was a peculiar occasion—not a meeting of statesmen; not of States which might be either friendly or hostile. It was simply a meeting of friends from both sides of the Atlantic, all brought together by the common sympathy which unites the Anglo-Saxon race in any pursuit which had sport for its object. The Royal Yacht Squadron had honoured Cowes by taking up its position there, and had done a great deal to advance yacht building and yacht sailing, and they were glad to know that New York had also its yacht squadron, equally efficacious, and no less valuable than their own. They had just taught them a mighty lesson, and instead of saying they were in no way inferior to their own body he should have said they were superior. (Hear, hear.) All felt that never during the annals of yachting had such a feat been accomplished through such inclement weather, and at such a season of the year. While, therefore, welcoming these hardy sailors—while admiring their gallant feat—they could not fail to take to themselves some pride for having originated yacht sailing. The English squadron had taught the world some excellent lessons, and America had profited by them. And while they all felt with just pride that such a feat could not have been accomplished had not England first taught them the example, they did not the less value the lucky voyage that had just been made. Present among them was the commodore of the New York Club, who, determined not to be the last to welcome his friend's victory, had come across with the yachts; and most happy were they to welcome him, most happy to see the man who so admirably represented in another hemisphere that club which he so adorned at home, and to the chief office of which his admirable qualities have raised him. A dinner of this description had never had a more welcome or more honoured guest, and he should only be too happy to see him make a long stay among them. The chairman concluded by giving the toast.

Mr. M'VICKERS thanked the club for the many kindnesses shown to himself and to his brother yachtsmen, some as rivals, in Cowes, but they multiplied so rapidly that he felt doubtful of the power of replying. He spoke of the circumstances under which the match was made, and although no place was mentioned they all felt that it would end at the great centre of English yachting. Englishmen had taught them they had not come among strangers into a strange land, and if he had any lingering doubt upon the matter, he had only to look around the room and see the hearty welcome shown them even in the inscriptions. He felt indeed that they had been welcome to Old England—welcome home.

The CHAIRMAN said the next toast was "The health of Mr. James Gordon Bennett," of the yacht Henrietta. It was virtually the toast of the evening. They were met to do honour and celebrate one of the most daring exploits on record, and had come together to celebrate the triumph of the winner of the great yacht race between New York and Cowes. He looked back to all the annals of yachts and yacht racing, and he was proud to find that such a feat as had been accomplished by the Henrietta had never been effected before, especially at this very stormy season of the year. The people of America were proud to consider themselves children of the mother country, England, and as such they were proud to endeavour to emulate the yachtsmen of England, and the adventurous men de-

served the highest praise, not only for their personal exertions, but for the honour they had striven to confer on their country by this great attempt. (Hear, hear.) It was not for him to give any idea of the hardships of the voyage, for those who followed would enlighten them upon that subject. He could at least say they had deserved the highest praise for the feat they had performed. In reference to English yachting, he must say the Americans had taught us a lesson by this voyage. This race must not only be looked upon in a sporting light, but also in a patriotic one. This was not the first time that Mr. Bennett had signalized himself with his yacht. She had not borne her maiden colours to Cowes, for he had devoted his energies to the good and the welfare of his own great country, by placing the Henrietta at the disposal of his own Government for arduous duties during the late year. He had shown that he could not only be a thorough yachtsman, but also a thorough patriot when necessarily called him to action. It was true that the Henrietta had been successful in this race; but they must not forget that two others had also come across, and although fortune had decided against them, their owners were equally entitled to admiration. Mr. Bennett had attained that position which those only could attain who rowed in their own boat, and they were the more delighted to see him on that account. He had bravely shared the perils of the voyage across the Atlantic, and he could only wish, for the sake of English yachting and yachtsmen, that he might be induced to remain among them and become an ornament to them, as he was most undoubtedly on the other side of the water.

Mr. BENNETT's reply was brief. He was glad to find that the yacht race was treated as such a success, which it no doubt was. Americans were said to be in the habit of bragging unnecessarily, but when thirty or forty sailors had come over on a successful voyage, they must be excused for a little vanity or pride, which might, perhaps, induce them to undervalue British yachts. He concluded with an expression of hearty approval of what had been said with regard to the two countries, and thanked them most cordially for the kindness they had met at every turn.

Mr. BIRD proposed "The Chairman," and other toasts followed, the meeting not concluding till twenty minutes past eleven o'clock.

On Friday night Lord Lennox invited Mr. Bennett and the commodore of the New York Yacht Club to meet the Duke of Edinburgh at dinner. Mr. Bennett having announced that he held himself in readiness to accept any challenge from English yachtsmen, the Duke of Edinburgh agreed to sail him round the Isle of Wight in August next for £100, the Duke to sail in his own yacht.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The attendance to-day, after a fortnight's interval, was scanty, and very little business was transacted. For the Two Thousand Guineas Plaudit was backed at 4 to 1, and the same price was offered against him at the close. Grand Cross and Julius were each made the medium of a small investment, and nothing else was mentioned. Speculation on the Derby was restricted to some four or five horses, and the outlay was limited in each instance. There is no change to record in the position of the three first favourites; all of them were quiet to-day, and although in some quarters there is an apparent desire to lay against Plaudit at 10 to 1, anything over that price would be accepted. An offer of 20 to 1 against Dragon met with no response, but Marksman and Master Butterfly were a good deal inquired after, and in the course of the afternoon the first-named was backed for £50, and the second-named for £100, at the odds of 30 to 1 each. The Priest would have been backed had 1,000 to 15 been obtainable, but 50 to 1 was the highest offer. Avron and Star of India were each supported at 1,000 to 12, and a dull afternoon's proceedings were brought to an early close. The following are the quotations:—

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—4 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and off); 12 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's Grand Cross (1); 12 to 1 agst the Duke of Newcastle's Julius (t).

THE DERBY.—10 to 1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (off); 20 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Dragon (off); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Marksman (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. R. Eastwood's Master Butterfly (t); 50 to agst Mr. A. Williams's The Priest (offered, take 1,000 to 15); 1,000 to 12 agst Mr. L. Woolcott's Avron (t); 1,000 to 12 agst Lord Exeter's Star of India (t).

AQUATICS.

BOAT RACE ON THE TYNE.—A boat race, equalling in interest that which recently took place between J. Taylor and J. Bright, came off on the Tyne on Monday. Bright was again a competitor, and pulled against G. Carr, a promising Tyneside oarsman. The stakes were £50 a side, and the stretch was upwards of two miles and a half—from the High Level at Newcastle to the Meadows House. The agreement was that the men row in open boats, in the management of which both are known to be adepts. Carr has already pulled several successful matches in these boats, and since Bright's defeat by Taylor the odds have risen considerably in his favour. For some days back he has been readily backed as the favourite, and on Saturday night 6 and 7 to 4 were freely offered upon him. Harry Clasper was referee, and the umpires were—For Carr, John Adams; for Bright, H. Nichol. Bright won by five lengths.

AN INTERNATIONAL ROWING MATCH.—There was a numerous attendance at the Shanghai Regatta on the 26th, and among the spectators were a large number of ladies. There was very great excitement with regard to the eight-oared race for one mile and a half between the English and American crews. The English boat got the lead, but the Americans soon collared them, and kept ahead. About a quarter of a mile from the goal the English crew entirely gave in, leaving the race to their competitors. While we have pleasure in congratulating our American friends on their success, we trust an early opportunity will be taken by the English to challenge their transatlantic friends to another trial. It is only just to say that two of the English crew were somewhat indisposed. The other races were well rowed; the Pelorus gig winning the Man-of-War's race; Reding taking the Junior Sculls with ease, Dunn unfortunately coming to grief, but pluckily recovering himself; and Low's boat winning the Club Fours in gallant style.—*Overland China Mail*, Nov. 15.

GLoucester Cathedral Restoration.—The youthful Earl of Eldon, who owns considerable property in the Cotswolds, and whose coming of age was celebrated with great festivity a few weeks ago, has this week forwarded to the dean the splendid gift of £500, to be applied to the restoration of the cathedral. This is the largest sum yet given, and was presented uncollected.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

THE CROYDON STEEPLECHASE.

At the Croydon Petty Sessions on Saturday Mr. Crawshaw appeared to answer a summons by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who charged him with having been guilty of cruelty to his horse, which broke its back as he rode it at the late steeplechase meeting at Croydon. Much interest existed among sporting circles upon the subject, and the court was well attended. Among others present were the Duke of Hamilton and Sir Francis Head, author of "The Horse and his Rider," who was there to give evidence, if needed, for the defence. The magistrates on the bench were Mr. E. R. Adams (chairman), Mr. J. W. Sutherland, Mr. J. R. Edridge, Mr. E. Foss, Dr. Hood, and Mr. J. S. M. Churchill. Mr. J. M. Eastley, Captain Remmis, and Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., withdrew before the commencement of the case.

Mr. Jacques, solicitor, of Serjeants-inn, and Mr. Merewether were retained for the defence.

The facts of the case are as follows:—On the first day of the Croydon Steeplechase meeting, Mr. Crawshaw rode Voightlander in the race for the Stewards' Plate, and upon arriving at the water-jump, the first time round, the horse fell and broke his back.

Mr. Colam, the secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said proceedings were taken under the 2nd section of the 12th and 13th of Victoria, charging Mr. Crawshaw with cruelly beating, ill-treating, overriding, abusing, and torturing a horse named Voightlander, and causing it to be done, thus making himself liable to a penalty not exceeding £5. He said that Mr. Crawshaw rode Voightlander at the Croydon Steeplechases on the 27th of November, and "persevered" with the horse to make it take a leap at a sensation water-jump, consisting of a fence 5ft. high, with water beyond it. The horse leaped the fence, but failed to reach the other side, and in consequence fell, broke its back, and dislocated its hip joint. The prosecution was not got up with the view of putting down steeplechasing, but they could not overlook cruelty, under whatever auspices they found it.

George Brewer, a knacker's slaughterer, said he attended the steeplechases with his cart, and stood at the "sensation water-jump." The fence would be about 5ft. or 6ft. from the ground. He saw Voightlander go over the fence and fall into the water. He took the horse away in his cart. The horse could not see the pole which was laid on the top of the fence. The ground was slippery.

When asked by the chairman whether any horses had gone over before, he said there might be one or two. They cleared the water about 4ft. Voightlander did not struggle at all. They took him on a gate. They found the mill ten times larger than it ought to be, and the lights, &c., were injured. The size of the mill could not have been caused by the jump. It must have had that some time.

Benjamin Charming said he was a bricklayer, and was standing beside the water-jump when Voightlander fell. The pole laid along the furze would be about 4ft. high, and the furze itself about 5ft. or more.

Simeon Lell, an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, said he measured the width of the water-jump on the 6th of December with a string. He here produced the string, but did not know its length. Some one in court said the length of the string was about 15ft. 6in., and on Mr. Merewether asking him if he would swear it was more than 12ft. 5in., witness "could not say." Witness ascertained the depth of water, by placing a string with a stone attached to the end of a stick and holding it out like a fishing-rod, to be 3ft. 6in. or 3ft. 8in. Similar evidence was given by this intelligent officer. He said he "had no other measurement—no tape, no nothing."

Arthur Cherry, veterinary surgeon, was next called, and described the injury to Voightlander. When asked if he would consider it an act of cruelty to allow a horse to jump a fence from 5ft. to 6ft. and water 15ft. 6in. in width, witness replied he would, and the horse must inevitably suffer some kind of injury, though it might not be permanent. The injury might be transient. He thought 3ft. or 4ft. a proper jump.

Mr. Budden, one of the lessees of Croydon steeplechase, understood the fence was trimmed before Voightlander jumped; at any rate, he had given orders to Mr. Williams to do it.

Mr. Goodwin, another lessee, said the pole was removed after Voightlander fell. The pole was 2ft. 6in. from the ground, and the furze above it would make it 4ft. 6in. or 4ft. 9in., and it was not 5ft.

Mr. Edward Smith, of *Bell's Life*, said the fence was 5ft. 6in. or 5ft. 9in. The pole would be about 3ft. 10in. or so, and the furze placed above it for the horses to take a better spring would make it the 5ft. 9in. The water-jump at Liverpool was much higher and more difficult to jump than at Croydon. If Voightlander had been clever he would have got over like the rest of them. When asked if it was a severe jump for a horse, witness said, "No; neither for man nor horse."

This was the last witness for the prosecution: and on Mr. Merewether saying that he had no defence to make,

The magistrates dismissed the case.

Costs were allowed to the defendant.

A SALT LAKE TRAGEDY.—More than two years ago Dr. J. King Robinson was ordered to Salt Lake city as surgeon of the (United States) troops stationed there to watch the Mormons, and look after Price's rebel soldiers. Active, clever, persevering, self-reliant, he quickly got into extensive practice outside the army, both among Gentiles and Mormons. Brigham Young teaches the laying on of hands for the healing of the sick, but he found that his people had more faith in the doctor. When the troops were disbanded the young surgeon with his young wife determined to remain. His fame had spread throughout Utah, and he was a general favourite. But he never failed to denounce Mormonism and to avow his utter contempt for its leaders. He took charge of a Sunday school, to which, notwithstanding all threats, Mormon children would go, and would take home the tracts he gave them. He acquired some land, Indian land, containing warm (sulphur) springs, outside the mud wall north of Salt Lake, and was about to build; he had the land recorded in the Land-office at Washington, as "the town of warm springs." These things could not be tolerated. The result was lately telegraphed. At midnight he was summoned "to attend a sick man;" his wife wished him not to go, but he did not like to refuse. Within 200 feet of his door the man who came for him assassinated him.

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"WHO'S WHO," FOR 1867.

THIS useful and very interesting publication is an epitome of the personal and public position of every individual of any celebrity in the country. It embraces the royal family and its branches, the royal household, the nobility—their rank, name, ages, and heirs—the Cabinet and chief officers of state, the members of the Privy Council, the members of the House of Commons, their ages and politics, &c.

It informs us, *inter alia*, that the oldest duke is the Duke of Northumberland, aged 88; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 19. The oldest marquis, the Marquis of Westmeath, aged 81; the youngest, the Marquis of Ely, aged 17. The oldest earl, the Earl of Onslow, aged 83; the youngest, the Earl of Waldegrave, aged 16. The oldest viscount, Viscount Gough, aged 87; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged 3. The oldest baron, Lord Brougham, aged 88; the youngest, Lord Rodney, aged 9. The oldest member of the Privy Council is Lord Brougham, aged 88;

military knight is General Sir Arthur B. Clifton, aged 94; the youngest, Sir Charles T. Bright, aged 34.

The House of Peers at present consists of 1 prince, 2 royal dukes, three archbishops, 25 dukes, 31 marquises, 159 earls, 31 viscounts, 27 bishops, and 165 barons—the total number of peers being 445. The Bishop of Bath and Wells sits also as Baron Auckland. The following clergymen have also seats in the House of Lords as lay peers.—The Rev. A. E. Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire; the Rev. William George Howard, Earl of Carlisle; the Rev. Very Rev. William John Broderick, Viscount Middleton; the Rev. William Nevil, Earl of Abergavenny; the Ven. Frederick Twissleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, D.C.L., Lord Saye and Sele; the Rev. Alfred Nathaniel H. Curzon, Lord Scarsdale. The heir-presumptive to the title of Lord Arundell and Wardour is his brother, the Rev. Everard Aloysius Gonzaga, a Jesuit priest. There are 110 peers of Scotland and Ireland, who are not peers of parliament; there are 220 members of the privy council; and the archbishops, bishops, colonial bishops, bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scot-

"THE RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS PARTY."

THE beautiful picture given below of "The Return from the Christmas Party" is just the moonlit-scene which we have this year experienced. The trees, hedges, and fields were in most places still green, for old Winter had not yet thrown over the face of Nature his white mantle of snow; and although we have had plenty of wet and fogs, still many a party were "lit home by the light of the moon" as pleasantly and charmingly as is shown in our engraving.

THE DREADFUL COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT BARNSELY.

Up to the present time, since the first explosion took place at the Oaks Colliery, at Barnsley, we have given full details of the calamitous affair; our engraving, therefore, on page 469, of the



THE RETURN FROM THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

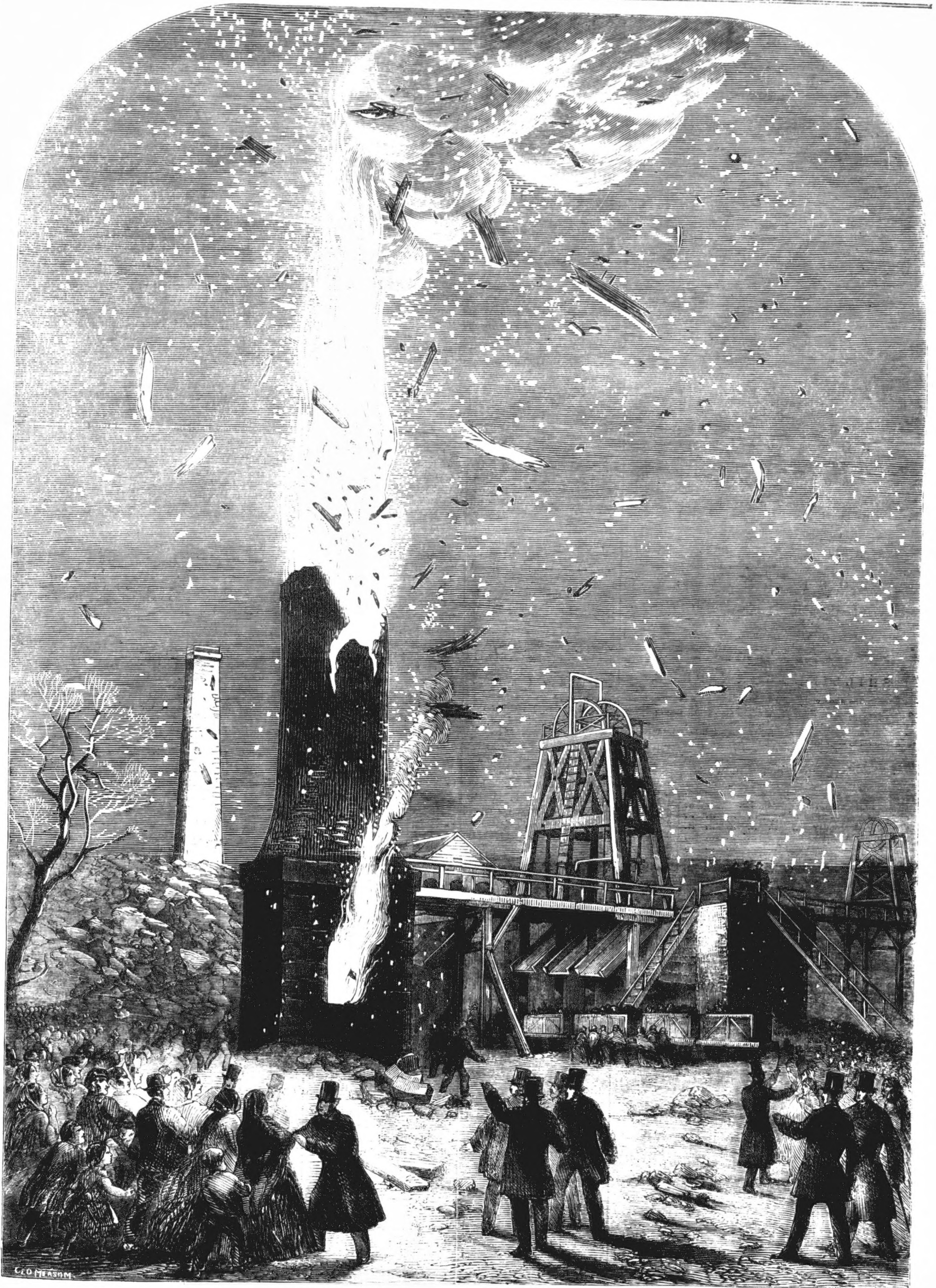
the youngest, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, aged 25. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir William Verner, Bart., member for the county of Armagh, aged 84; the youngest, the Earl of Carrington, member for Wycombe, aged 23. The oldest judge in England is the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, aged 84; the youngest, Sir James P. Wilde, aged 50. The oldest judge in Ireland, the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, Lord Chancellor, aged 84; the youngest, Justice Keogh, aged 49. The oldest Scotch Lord of Session, the Right Hon. Duncan McNeill, Lord Justice-General, aged 73; the youngest, David Mure, Lord Justice-General, aged 55. The oldest archbishop, the Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 72; the youngest, Archbishop of York, aged 47. The oldest bishop, the Bishop of Exeter, aged 89; the youngest, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, aged 47. The oldest baronet, Sir Stephen L. Hammick, aged 89; the youngest, Sir Henry Hayes Lawrence, aged two years. The oldest civil and

land, and retired bishops number 98. There are 856 baronets, 446 civil and military Knights of the various Orders, 25 Knights of the Order of the Star of India, 726 Knights Companions of the Order of the Bath, 3 field-marshal, 584 general officers in the army, 311 generals in her Majesty's Indian army, 329 admirals in the navy, 54 judges in the United Kingdom and Ireland, 180 Queen's counsel and serjeants-at-law in England, and 87 in Ireland. There are 184 deaths recorded of those whose names appeared in "Who's Who," and who died between the 30th Nov. 1865, and 1st Dec., 1866, with the dates of their birth and death.

THE *British Medical Journal* states that the accouchment of the Princess of Wales may be expected in March, and that of the Princess Christian in April.

number, lost their lives, needs no further description now, as second explosion, whereby the noble volunteers, nearly thirty in every particular has already appeared, with the exception of the precise number who lost their lives.

The official list which has just been given out as correct as possible from the books places the number of persons killed at 351; consisting of 4 deputies, 32 day men, 57 day boys, 115 coal-getters, 120 hurriers, and 22 volunteers; but it is just possible that there may be one or two volunteers whose names have not been ascertained. Of the entire number 75 were brought out, of which five only are now alive—three men and two boys. There are, therefore, no less than 276 bodies now in the pit, and when the fire will be so far extinguished as to allow of their being recovered no one can tell. But it is expected that when all the shafts have been sealed up no considerable time will elapse before an attempt will be made to test the practicability of descending.



THE SECOND EXPLOSION AT THE OAKS COLLIERY, NEAR BARNSELY. (See page 468.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M. P. M.	
5	Sun rises, 8h. 7m.; sets, 4h. 4m.	1 44	2 2
6	Epiphany—Twelfth Day	2 21	2 38
7	Plough Monday	2 57	3 12
8	Prince Albert Victor born	3 29	3 46
9	Royal Exchange burnt	4 2	4 20
10	Penny postage established, 1840	4 38	4 55
11	Hilary Term begins	5 14	5 34

Moon's changes—New moon, 6th, 0h. 30m. a.m.
 Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
 Isa. 60; Luke 3, to v. 23. Isa. 49; John 2, to v. 12.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.
 Feast, Fast Days, &c.—6th, Epiphany of our Lord; 8th, Lucien, priest and martyr (A.D. 290).

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the Office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their addresses in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

Q. T. C.—The art of silk-weaving was known and practised by the Chinese and by the people of various parts of the East, in the most remote ages. It was introduced into Constantinople and into Greece about the middle of the sixth century; but it did not find its way into Italy, Spain, and France until a much later period.

INQUIRY.—We strongly advise you not to go to law under the circumstances. Your case is extremely doubtful.

A. PARENT.—Boys between fourteen and fifteen years of age are taken as apprentices in the Royal Navy, if healthy, and four feet eight inches in height. Boys over fifteen must be two inches higher for every year beyond fifteen. Lads above eighteen are not required to enter as apprentices. No outfit or premium is required upon entering as an apprentice.

GEORGE T.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold (*la Champ du Drap d'or*), is so called from the magnificence displayed by Francis I. of France, on the occasion of his celebrated interview with Henry VIII. of England. Francis made this ostentatious display with the view of gaining Henry over to his side. The two monarchs met in a plain near the little town of Guines, which is about eight miles south of Paris. This plain is the celebrated "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

A. R.—On payment of a shilling at the registration office, you will see who the promoters were.

H. R. C.—The surface of the globe is estimated at 199,000,000 of British square miles, of which a most three-fourths are covered by water.

T. B.—Corder was executed for the murder of Maria Martin, in August, 1828, at Bury St. Edmunds.

ROMANET J.—England acknowledged the independence of the North American States in November, 1782.

A CHORUS BOY.—Handel was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument by the celebrated Roubiliac marks the place of his interment. This monument consists of a statue of the great composer, who is represented holding in his hand a scroll bearing the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth," together with a statue of music containing the subject of the melody to which these words are so admirably fitted in the oratorio of the "Messiah."

VICTIM.—Advertising that you will sell the property left with you to defray your claim will not make that course legal. If what you sell for a guinea cannot be replaced for double that sum when the owner appears, we fear that you will be liable to pay the difference.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE year that has passed away has been one of disorganization. Old settlements, political and diplomatic, have been disturbed. The new order to which events obscurely tend has not yet established itself. The period is one of conflict and transition in both hemispheres. To an elder superstition, Nature herself might seem to have sympathized with the throes of civil society. Her destructive powers have broken loose by land and on sea. While in some instances the waste of life and devastation of property are due to the outbreak of elemental forces, whose action science cannot foresee nor control, in others human responsibility must be acknowledged for some of the most fearful calamities that have desolated vast regions and communities. In the storms which at the commencement of the year strewed our coasts with wrecks, and our streets and highways with ruins, we recognise the irresistible and irreversible decrees of a Power to which we can respond only by submission and resignation. But the immediate source of other calamities even more destructive must be looked for, not in the providence of God, but in the improvidence of man. Reckoning on a long impunity, man tamper with the mechanism of nature and its mighty powers as no one would venture to do with any machine of human invention. Eager to use it for their immediate profit, they disturb the healthful and harmonious balance of its forces; and the righting of this false adjustment, the return to stable equilibrium, comes violently in the torrents which have inundated the north of England and the south and south-west of France, in the explosion of the pent-up gases of our mines, in pestilences among men and among beasts. Man's haste to seize the hidden wealth of the earth makes him neglect the precautions needful for its preservation. The clearing away of the mountain woods and the abandonment of the upland pastures, whose action distributes equally the flow of the descending streams, involves as wanton a disregard of the laws of nature, in the eagerness to draw from it immediate profits, as the miner shows who works amid foul air by the unsheltered light of his candle, rather than sacrifice a fractional gain to the security of himself and his comrades. The cholera and the cattle plague are the fine paid often by the innocent as well as the guilty for the breach of the laws of health. The sympathy and aid extended to the sufferers under these calamities, to those whom the inundations which have swept through the towns and fields of the North have impoverished, and to the surviving victims of the mining catastrophes in Durham, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire, but imperfectly discharge the obligations of society. It is not enough to endeavour to mitigate the effect. Law and public opinion are bound to control the action of those who set in motion the cause. 1866 has been a year of fearful casualties to England, which will not have been wholly injurious if they lead us to adhere more closely to the known laws, and to deal more cautiously with the ill-understood forces of nature, which all human exertion on this globe puts in motion.

THE disastrous year which has just passed away, and on which we look back with that sort of regret which Byron says one feels "in leaving unpleasant places and people," was destined to close in England with a calamity only too representative of all its previous history. There is nothing very remarkable in a "great fire," it is a vulgar accident enough; but such a fire as that at Sydenham on Sunday last seemed to concentrate into one great blaze of havoc a review of all the troubles of a twelvemonth; of cattle plague, cholera, war, pestilence, inundations, explosions, fire, slaughter, panic, and "a crisis." One of the noblest palaces of art and pleasure ever built in modern days, perhaps the noblest ever built by private enterprise, a palace "that rose like an exhalation" out of the dawn of the new era of international exhibitions, or, as some enthusiastic contractor described it, that was created out of the ribs of the Hyde-park Adm, barely escaped by the breadth of a cotton screen complete destruction in the course of a short December afternoon. Although the Crystal Palace is the property and enterprise of a company, it enjoys a more than national reputation and popularity. Probably not one of the great cities and great monuments of historic interest which all travelled people are supposed to visit at least once, is half so well known to what may, with less than the usual exaggeration, be called "all the world." Among the hundreds of thousands who have visited this great glass-house at Sydenham, which gleams like a colossal diamond on all the horizon of this capital of fog and smoke, for the sake of its art galleries and spacious courts, with their unique reproduction of the whole life story of the civilization of East and West; or for the sake of its more than regal or imperial terraces and gardens, in which the simple charm of the English landscape is so skilfully adapted to

the more formal combination of French magnificence and Italian grace; or for the sake of the fountains, with which the great waters of Versailles are superior in local interest and associations only; or for the prodigal variety of popular amusements, which make the place a paradise to the multitude who possess no gardens or galleries; or for the admirable concerts which have made a fame of their own; or to take part in some grand ceremonial or celebration for which no other place of public resort is comparable in attraction and convenience—among all those crowds of people of all nations who have found rational and harmless pleasure in this wonderful palace, the disaster of Sunday last will be counted as something of a personal misfortune. And among the English public, not the public of Cockneydom only, but of the three kingdoms, it will be felt that the Crystal Palace can ill be spared. We are not so rich in galleries of art, and in public gardens universally accessible and universally enjoyable. Then the Palace and its gardens are already beginning to have associations which an immense number of poor people would not willingly let die, such as the Handel Festivals, the Garibaldi days, the volunteer prize distributions, the Dramatic College fetes, not to mention the annual festivals of friendly societies, Odd Fellows, Foresters, and we know not how many other more or less influential brotherhoods. The company have deservedly obtained a large share of public favour by the spirited management of their great enterprise; and if the public are more than ordinarily severe in urging a strict inquiry into this lamentable accident, the directors may take comfort in the reflection that had the management been less able and successful, the public interest in it would have been proportionately diminished.

FIRE AND PRESUMED SUICIDE IN CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

An inquest was held on Monday at Grantchester, near Cambridge, before Frederick Grain, Esq., deputy-coroner for the county, on view of the body of a poor girl, named Annie Smith, who would have been aged sixteen years on the day of the inquest. The circumstances adduced and others disclosed the facts that Edward and Sarah Golden, man and wife, kept a public and lodging-house by the style of the Rose and Crown at Grantchester. This couple formerly lived at Barton, of which the deceased was a native, and she acted as servant at the Rose and Crown. Golden's house was full of lodgers, no less than eight coprolite diggers being accommodated on the premises; two of these slept in a lower room next the road, and the others up-stairs, four in one room and two in another. Golden and his wife slept up-stairs, and in consequence of the fulness of the house the deceased was compelled to sleep on a sofa or squab in the bar. This was the usual state of things up to Friday night week, when Mrs. Golden, being unwell, retired to bed about half-past nine, and the deceased accompanied her up-stairs, bade her good-night, and wished her better; the deceased then asked leave to sit up and mend her stays, of which she said she had only one pair. Her mistress gave her leave, and trusted her with part of a candle in a tall, old-fashioned candlestick, but warned her to go to bed directly she had finished, and specially not to sit up in bed for the purpose. At ten o'clock the landlord retired to bed, leaving the girl up. The candle was then standing on a table, a yard or more off a window with some netted curtains attached. He also warned her to be careful of fire, and left her apparently mending her stays. He locked off communication between the bar and the house, but left on the girl's side communication with the street open to her by the use of a key. About three o'clock on Saturday morning an alarm of fire was raised; the inside of the bar, and other lower parts of the premises, were soon all ablaze, and Golden, his family, and the lodgers were rescued with difficulty. The fire burned furiously, and finally consumed the whole premises, and it was thought the deceased was burned, until on Saturday afternoon her boots were found by the river side, about 400 yards from the Rose and Crown. A search resulted in the discovery of the body of the girl in the river, attired only in a print dress, a red petticoat, and a shift, but of course minus shoes and stockings. There were no marks of violence, ill-usage, burning, or pregnancy on the body, and question of course arose as to whether the girl had committed suicide or no. It was elicited that she bore a very high character, and was much esteemed by her employers. The only evidence touching upon her having been seen after the discovery of the fire by the neighbours was that of Robert Clark, a labourer, who deposed that on reaching the scene of the fire, he passed the pump close to the Rose and Crown, and there saw a female, whom he thinks was the deceased, standing against the bowling alley. The female had a shawl over her head, but he could not positively identify her. When he heard a quarter of an hour afterwards that the servant was burnt, he said, "Why if I didn't see her just now, I saw some one just like her." When the body was got out of the river, there were no marks of burning on the dress, flesh, or hair. It appears that some time ago the deceased upset some of the contents of a frying-pan into the fire to the danger of igniting the chimney, and that her mistress then told her, partly in jest, but partly as a caution, that if she did that again she would be transported. These were the circumstances for consideration, and after a lucid summing up of the coroner, leaving the different phases of the question to the jury, the latter returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

The poor diggers and the landlord were uninsured; they have lost their little all.

A REVEREND GLUTTON.—The Bishop of Verdun, who died on Tuesday, was considered as the type of gourmandise. So stout was he (writes a Paris correspondent) that it was by means of considerable manoeuvring he ever accomplished entering a cab. The amount of food he consumed at his various meals was something fabulous. Owing to the frequent illnesses brought on by his voracity, he was always attended by a servant, whose sole business was to prevent Monseigneur from eating more than was good for his health. Whenever this reverend bishop was invited to dinner at a friend's house, the said domestic stationed himself behind his chair, investigated the amount of cutlets, pates, perdreux truffes, &c., eaten by his master; and when he considered that he had had as much as was good for his lordship, he made a telegraphic sign to the mistress of the house, who, warned beforehand, immediately cut off the supplies.

THE WEATHER.—After the dense fog which prevailed in the metropolis on Monday night, the new year was ushered in by a fall of snow. During the night the frost was very severe, and since then there has been a heavy fall of snow.

The Court.

Messrs. Elkington have had the honour of submitting to the inspection of her Majesty the shield manufactured by them which they intend to exhibit at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, the subject of which is from Milton's "Paradise Lost."

The other evening a special message arrived from Osborne House, bringing an invitation from her Majesty to the owners, captains, and principal officers of the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, American yachts, to visit her marine residence at Osborne, which, of course, was readily complied with, that being a favour accorded to but few persons, and under very peculiar circumstances. On the arrival of the party at Osborne they were most courteously received, and all the apartments were thrown open for their inspection. This visit gave the highest satisfaction, and our American visitors quitted the royal residence with a keen appreciation of the favours conferred upon them.

On Saturday afternoon, in consequence of a wish expressed by her Majesty through General Seymour, the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta* got under weigh, and proceeded along the Roads until they arrived abreast of Osborne House, her Majesty and suite coming down to the beach to see them. As each vessel passed she dipped her American ensign three times in honour of her Majesty, which the Queen acknowledged by waving her handkerchief several times, the *Henrietta* being the last to receive that honour. The vessels then returned to their anchorage at the entrance of Cowes harbour.

In former years the Queen's New Year gifts have been distributed on New Year's Day in the Riding School, in the presence of her Majesty and the royal family, by a mixed committee of the clergy and laity of the parishes of Windsor and Clewer, including the district of the Holy Trinity Church. This year the distribution took place under the Town-hall on Monday morning, where the royal butchers distributed the meat. This plan was found more convenient than if, as originally intended, the gifts had been given in the shops. The meat was arranged on tables under the Town Hall used by butchers and poulterers on market-days. Each ticket-holder entered from the corn-market, and left, after receiving his or her portion, through the fish-market, so all confusion was obviated. The coats were sent to the parties. The arrangements at Windsor were carefully and judiciously made by the Rev. E. L. Thompson, and by Churchwardens Griffin and Prowd; at Holy Trinity, by the Rev. H. C. Hawtreys; and at Clewer, by the Rev. T. T. Carter.

On Monday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of their suite, and accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, left Sandringham House for Holkham Hall, where they passed the remainder of the week with the Earl and Countess of Leicester.

Prince Christian, attended by Major-General F. H. Seymour, visited the American yacht *Henrietta* on Monday morning, on board which he was received by Mr. Bennett, the owner of the yacht. His royal highness afterwards rowed round the *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*.

Commodore M'Vicar, of the New York Yacht Club, had the honour of being presented to her Majesty on Sunday.

We regret to hear that her Majesty caught cold on the day of visiting the mausoleum of the Prince-Consort. The cold resulted in a most painful attack of face-ache, from which the Queen is still suffering. Her Majesty has signified her intention to publicly open the Albert Memorial Asylum, at Collingwood-court, Bagshot, in June next, and at the same time to lay the foundation-stone of a dining-room and chapel.—*Scotsman*.

THE WILD MEN OF JESSE.—A correspondent of a contemporary says that these so-called "wild men" were being exhibited some time ago at Portland, when they were visited by the seamen of the Channel fleet then lying at anchor in the Roads. Jack took it into his head to poke fun at one of the wild men by stirring him up with a long pole. The fellow turned round, shook his fist, swore in very unmistakable English, and said, "You duren't do that, you blackguard, if I were outside the bars." The "jabber, jabber," yelping, and barking are all put on, as well as the walnut juice to darken the complexion.

ACROBATS FROM JAPAN.—We hear of parties of Japanese performers being about to leave for San Francisco and Europe. One troupe, under the superintendence of Professor Hilsley, is composed of upwards of twenty persons, and embraces all the most eminent in their line that can be found in Yeddo. By the *Alert*, which sailed on Monday for San Francisco, a troupe of these acrobats, &c., left, of whom we have good accounts. We hear of a third troupe destined for London direct, and that in each case the appearances are perfect. The world is wide enough for all, and we wish each of the enterprises the utmost success.—*Japan Times* Oct. 31.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.—On Monday night and Tuesday morning Churchmen and Dissenters were actively engaged in "seeing the old year out and the new year in." Amongst the numerous body of Wesleyan Methodists the last night of the year is called "Watch night," and their services were very striking. At the City-road chapel, Hinde-street, and elsewhere, the service commenced at eleven o'clock, and consisted of prayers, singing, and brief pulpit addresses. As midnight approached the whole congregation knelt down, and silence was preserved. At length the clock announced that the old year had come to a close, and as the last stroke of twelve sounded the members of the congregation rose, and, having sung a jubilate hymn, went to their respective homes. In many of the parish and district churches there were also midnight services.

GENTLEMENLY PASTIME AT SOUTHAMPTON.—The other morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the High-street, Southampton, were greatly alarmed by the ringing of bells and rapping at doors. About fifty bell-handles and knockers were wrenched off. The illness of several invalids was seriously aggravated in consequence of the fright. The disturbance was caused by two "gentlemen," who were captured by the police in the act of wrenching off a bell-pull. They were lodged in the police-station, and brought up before the magistrates, when four persons appeared against them, and the fines and costs inflicted were nearly £20, or seventy days' imprisonment. They paid the money, gave their names as Edward Frederick Kelsey and Frederick Charles Bennett, and represented themselves as "professional gentlemen," residing at Salisbury, in Wiltshire. It is expected that they will be subjected to further prosecution on account of the damage and annoyance they caused. Had any bell-handles or knockers been found in their possession, they would have been sent to Winchester gaol and indicted for robbery. The damage they did to the houses they visited is estimated at between £50 and £60. No such wanton and stupid outrage has been known in Southampton for many years.

GREAT FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—DESTRUCTION OF THE TROPICAL WING.

A fire broke out at the Crystal Palace on Sunday, which nearly caused the destruction of the whole building, and which has actually resulted in that of the noble tropical department with its world-famous courts.

How the conflagration originated is not known to any one, and will in all probability never be ascertained. The following narrative will be found to contain nearly all that can be at present learned.

At twenty minutes past one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, a policeman went round the courts at the tropical end of the Palace, and everything seemed then quite safe. There was not the slightest smell of fire noticeable. At two o'clock, or a few minutes before that hour, a fire was found to be raging in the neighbourhood of the lecture-room. The flames spread with astonishing rapidity to the reading-room and to the adjacent courts, and soon dense masses of smoke filled the whole of the tropical department, which is separated from the rest of the building by an immense canvas screen. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood soon saw that something was amiss in the Palace. Several gentlemen left their houses and hastened to the building, but for at least half an hour those inside would not admit any one—perhaps they did not hear the shouts and calls at the entrance doors. At length, however, a little before three o'clock, some dozen gentlemen got in, some of them by escalade. When they entered they found the fire making terrific progress—flame and smoke filled nearly the whole of the Tropical wing, and began to enter the rest of the building by means of the galleries. The roof of the end where the fire raged had become red-hot, and threatened to fall in every moment. We are informed by some of the gentlemen who gained admittance at the hour stated that they then found only three persons in the Palace—a gardener, a policeman, and the attendant on the birds and monkeys. The Palace fire-engine was just being got ready to work, the hose was being shaken out. None of the chief officials were on the spot; it being Sunday, they were at their own homes. The gentlemen at once took it upon themselves to act, with a view to save the building from destruction. They went outside and invited some eighteen or twenty navvies who were loitering about to come in and work. The men readily agreed, and in a few minutes the whole body of volunteers had provided themselves with crow-bars and other implements from the tool-house, and they at once set to work to tear up the flooring of the Palace outside the screen, so as to prevent the flames rushing along if the screen—which was scorched—caught fire, and setting the Handel orchestra and the theatre in a blaze. The gigantic Christmas tree was cut down and removed, numbers of stalls demolished, and everything of a description likely to burn, removed as far as possible from the screen. The panels of deal which formed the back of the gallery, facing the road, were smashed away as fast as the men could ply their crowbars, but the flames set them on fire so fast that the men had for a long time to keep retreating and demolishing as they went. At half-past three o'clock the end of the building gave way; the roof fell in as far as the north transept, and the flames shot up in a mass. The effect of this was very serious, and if the wind had not been blowing away from the central transept nothing could have saved the Palace from immediate destruction.

The appearance of the burning end of the Palace at this moment was indescribably grand. The flames played along the red-hot girders in fantastic wreaths, and suddenly the whole mass dissolved as if by magic, and, gradually sinking down, fell with a terrific crash. The main girders of the transept remained standing, and in the midst of their circular arches could be seen the colossal statues of the Egyptian Court sitting erect, with the flames leaping and playing around them; never were they invested with such an aspect of grandeur and majesty.

On the floor of this wing, as every one knows, the aviary and the collection of monkeys, &c., was kept. Efforts were made to rescue as many of these creatures as possible; one gentleman took out fifteen canaries and let them loose in the nave. Another seized an eagle, and carried it away under his arm; others made a dart at the owlery, and saved some of its occupants; but the unhappy chimpanzee fell a victim to the fire. He was seen frantic and tearing at the bars of his cage in his wild terror, but no one could venture near the spot, and he was burnt to death. The poor wretch's shrieks and cries were painful to hear.

One notable exception to this wholesale destruction is a Florida parrot, presented by the famous Blondin to the Crystal Palace Company. This unfortunate bird was rescued by no less distinguished a person than the Duke of Sutherland, who was rewarded for his humanity by so vigorous an onslaught on his fingers from the frightened parrot's horny beak, that his grace's handkerchief had to be brought into requisition. Great regret is felt at the destruction of a cage of white doves, bequeathed to the Palace by the celebrated Lola Montes; and as for the fine collection of fish, it will be long before their loss can be supplied.

While all this was going on a number of the stall-keepers hastened to the Palace, and removed their property by cabs and other vehicles.

At about half-past three o'clock the engines of the fire brigade began to arrive rapidly from London. Captain Shaw came, and himself directed the operations of the men. A copious supply of water was at hand, and tons of water were thrown upon the burning mass. For some time, however, it was difficult to say whether the fire could be mastered; but after four o'clock it became evident that unless the wind shifted the great body of the building would be saved.

So serious were the apprehensions entertained about four o'clock, that all the books of the company were removed from the building in cabs to a place of safety.

As darkness closed in the conflagration became visible for miles around, and some thousands of people hurried by train and road to witness it.

It was stated that some thirty engines arrived and were set to work under the orders of Captain Shaw. Mr. Merryweather personally brought his powerful engine the "Deluge" from Putney when he heard of the fire; the volunteer firemen of Croydon and other districts also hastened to render assistance. The fire, nevertheless, raged until eight o'clock, when it was finally extinguished in the main building. The tower, however, continued to burn for at least an hour later.

The Indian, the Egyptian, the Alhambra, Arts, and indeed all the courts within the screen have been completely destroyed.

The damage has been estimated at £200,000.

A large body of police were sent down by rail and omnibus from London to keep order.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

It was not until the return of daylight on Monday that the havoc caused by the fire at the Crystal Palace on Sunday after-

noon was completely disclosed. The whole of the northern end of the building has been destroyed, except a part of the low narrow wing extending towards the east into the grounds, at a right angle with the fabric, and used chiefly as an orangery. The space between the water tower and the screen which separated the tropical department from the rest of the nave, about a couple of acres in extent, was strewn with blackened masses of the fallen roof and other materials, presenting a deplorable spectacle. All that remains of the northern transept are a few broken outlines of the arches, and towering from among the general wreck are still to be seen the two colossal Egyptian figures copied from the temple of Rameses the Great at Abou Simbel, in Nubia, but now sadly defaced by the action of the fire. They were 65ft. high, and reached to the roof of the transept. Of the Alhambra Court, on the west side of the tropical part of the nave, and also of the Byzantine and Romanesque Courts, facing it on the opposite side, little is left but the bare walls; the Queen's apartments and the library and reading-rooms have perished, as have also the extensive collection of Indian curiosities and products, the Gallery of Naval Architecture, the Aviary, and the whole of the tropical plants. The remains of the stupendous tree brought from the Sierra Nevada, in California, and which, when growing, is said to have been 49 feet high, have shared the same fate. The fire appears to have originated in the north-eastern wing, from which it spread rapidly towards the main body of the building, along the flooring and other woodwork, which in the tropical end had become exceedingly inflammable. It afterwards extended to the great water tower, the floors of which, at different stories, and the gallery were for several hours burning at the same time. It was first discovered by a police-constable on duty, and he gave an alarm to a fireman in the company's service within the building, and the only one who happened to be there. Ordinarily there are three of the company's firemen on duty in the palace, but only one on Sundays. On receiving the alarm the fireman screwed on a hose to one of the numerous hydrants in the building, which are said to be always kept charged at high pressure. That he gave to the policeman to hold, while he screwed on another, and, so equipped, they appear to have tried for some time, but in vain, to cope with the fire. Being Sunday, there was some difficulty in collecting the workmen belonging to the palace to render assistance in the emergency.

The remains of the young hippopotamus were found among the ruins on Monday, but were scarcely distinguishable. At present it is impossible, with any approach to accuracy, to estimate the amount of damage done to the building, but the company are said to be insured to the amount of £80,000 upon the whole fabric, £20,000 of which was apportioned to that part of it which has been affected by the fire. During the fire, and when it was not certain what turn it might take, the flooring along part of the nave on the south side of the screen was ripped up in places to prevent its spreading in that direction. That precaution having, fortunately, become unnecessary, the flooring was reinstated in the course of the following night, and on Monday the Palace was open to the public as usual.

A cause of the fire has been suggested as possible. It is supposed to have originated in a place used as a paint and store room in the north-east corner of the building, and near the water tower. Adjoining that room the boiler of a powerful steam engine used in pumping water was housed, a slight wall separating the two. After the fire a hole was found in the partition, and the firebox of the boiler had been driven from its place in the direction of the wall. The theory is that some one in charge of the boiler may have banked up his fire, closed the door of the furnace, and left the place. The effect of a fire so banked up might be to generate gas, for it would act like a retort; but still the gas, if generated, would simply burn, and not explode, unless mixed with atmospheric air. It is further suggested that the damper connected with the boiler may have admitted sufficient air to cause explosion, and that the firebox, driven from its position against the wall, may have made the breach which was afterwards found in it, and set the paint room on fire.

The directors are understood to have expressed themselves in grateful terms to Captain Shaw for the energy and discretion shown by him in the emergency. On arriving at the scene of the fire the whole of the northern transept had fallen in, and he directed all the means and appliances at his disposal to prevent its spreading beyond the screen separating the rest of the nave from the tropical department, in which he was happily successful, and by that means, probably, the building was saved from entire destruction. While he was so engaged he was much urged by strangers and others to detach some of the men of the brigade and engines to operate on the water tower, which was on fire in several places; but he resisted all such importunity, knowing that the tower was then completely isolated, and not likely to be the means of communicating fire to any other part of the palace, and he employed all his energies and those of the brigade to confine the fire to the tropical end. That achieved, he applied himself to extinguish the fire in the water tower, in which he also succeeded.

There were upwards of 8,000 visitors at the Palace on Monday.

The official report of Captain Shaw is as follows, under the head of "damage," though it adds little to what is already known with respect to the disaster:—

"North end of building, about 300ft. square, containing the Tropical Department, the whole of the Natural History Collection; the Assyrian, Alhambra, and Byzantine Courts; the Queen's apartments; the Library and Printing-offices; the Indian, Architectural, Model, and Marine Galleries and carpenter's works—a portion of the above, about 230ft. in length, all but destroyed. North Tower, and rest of building and contents, and north end of Central Transept, damaged by fire, water, and removal."

A SILENT REMPROOF.—The *New York Times* says:—"A clergyman of Western Massachusetts, who had prepared with much labour and care an appropriate discourse for the recent thanksgiving services at his church, was greatly annoyed to find only about thirty hearers, and a majority of those not of his own flock. The following Sunday, being unusually pleasant, a very large congregation assembled at his church, but no minister appeared, and though several times sent for at his residence, he left his congregation to go home sermonless."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT WITH FIREARMS.—On Monday, Charles Steele, servant to Mr. Holbrook, of the Lawn, Sydenham, was cleaning six-barrelled revolver belonging to his master, when, by some accident, he let it fall on the floor of the outhouse. The concussion caused two of the caps to explode, discharging the balls from the chambers, one of which lodged in his side. Surgical assistance was promptly obtained, and the ball extricated; but the condition of the unfortunate man is pronounced to be most precarious.



[NEW YEAR'S EVE IN ENGLAND.—SPECULATION. (See page 476.)



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.—THE RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR. (See page 476.)

CHRISTMAS DAY IN BARRACKS. (See page 476.)



CHRISTMAS DAY IN BARRACKS. (See page 476.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT-GARDEN.—We have already given the plot of the excellent pantomime with which Mr. Alfred Mellon has opened his theatrical management at this establishment, and we have therefore only now to notice the general performance and the magnificent scenery of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; or, Harlequin and the Genii of the Arabian Nights." The pantomimic fun in the opening is principally in the hands of W. H. Payne, as the woodcutter, Ali Baba; and his son, Fred Payne, as Ganem. In their rambles over the domain of the Forty Thieves they are accompanied by a wonderful property donkey. He opens his mouth, winks with both eyes, and goes through his drill with remarkable precision, elevating his tail at the words "shoulder arms" in a most comic manner. Ali Baba, Ganem, and the Jerusalem find time for a pic-nic in the forest, and between the pranks of the mischievous Ganem, and the long-eared friend of the family, poor Ali Baba is nearly driven mad. After the lucky expedition to the cavern, both Ali and Ganem sink into bad habits, for the former takes more kindly than ever to refreshment, and the latter becomes the heaviest of Turkish swells. Ganem's trombone serenade to his fair Morgiana is exceedingly funny, as is also his set to with the gloves with the Bagdad police inspector (Mr. Thompson). The maternal head of the house of Baba is acted with humour by Mr. Kewper; and for Cassim, who accepts the donkey for a guide into the stronghold of the "Forty," Mr. A. Sanger appears. Miss Kate Carson, as Abdallah, the bold captain of the Thieves, performs with spirit, and looks uncommonly well in the splendid dress she wears. Abdallah, a swell in his elegant way, is on particularly good terms with his worthy Lieutenant, Hassarac (Miss Rachel Sanger). This part is an important one in the burlesque opening, and is played with a jaunty vivacity characteristic of the actress to whom it is confided. Miss Ada Harland enacts the part of the fair Morgiana with much grace. Miss Annie Bennet is the Genius of the Arabian Nights, in which character she looks charming and speaks distinctly. As Dryadella, Queen of the Wood Nymphs, Miss Graham appears, accompanied by Miss Melville, as Sylvia. The Dryad's Sylvan Home is very beautiful, and in this moonlight scene the first of M. Desplaces charming ballets is given, and, as principal danseuses, we have two great acquisitions, Mdles. Margita Roseri and Lauretta Lanza. Both these young ladies are finished exponents of their art, and singularly graceful in all they attempt. The grouping of the *corps de ballet*, in this beautiful forest scene is most effective. The next grand scene is the Cavern of the Forty Thieves, and here the richness of the costumes, and the splendour of stage decorations, have seldom been surpassed. The stage is arranged to show separate chambers branching out from the main cavern, and forming billiard and card rooms tenanted by members of this delightful gang of "forty" fast young ladies, who smoke, gamble, and quarrel in the most approved fashion. A strong electric light is thrown upon some of the figures, and in the front both the Captain and his followers saunter about till a *troupe* of Almees enter, and most charmingly costumed to show every movement of their supple figures, go through a dreamy kind of dance, that becomes more animated as the moving throng is augmented by a party of Bayaderes in rich green satin Turkish dresses. Mdle. Lauretta Lanza again distinguished herself, and, after a time, the "exhilarated" thieves join in the revels, till the whole stage is full of light, and colour, and action, forming a truly magnificent picture. The next scene to be noticed is Mr. Morgan's transformation scene. It is called the Enchanted Home of the Genii on the Golden Heights of Sunshine. At the back of the stage a rainbow is seen arching across the clouds, and dimly through a kind of film this immense curve is found to be peopled with Genii, who recline upon it, and look down on all the superb picture below. In a break of the clouds, immediately below, figures appear; and a group of Genii, in silver tissue dresses rise up in front of some glittering palm trees. The whole surface of the stage is covered with gold and silver palm and fern leaves, and from this gorgeous carpet spring tapering altars with fire burning thereon. Helmeted figures slowly rise all over the stage, and the Genii seem to float in from the wings to complete the *tableau*. The film rises from before the rainbow, and this long curve of female forms spanning the stage is a background of extraordinary beauty, which elicits loud calls for the artist. The Brothers Payne again appear as Harlequin and Clown; Mr. Paul Herring as Pantaloon; and Mdle. Esta as Columbine, each of whom are particularly efficient. There are some ancient pantomimic devices which will always command a laugh. One capitally managed trick is shown with a door, which changes its situation at the command of Harlequin, and eventually multiplies until the whole stage and scene are covered with doors with their knockers going vigorously. Then we have a box turning into a table and two chairs; champagne bottles that will not retain their corks; a "life preserver" unfolding itself into a Christmas dinner of beef and pudding; and a facetious delusion of cutting a head off and placing another on a living figure. Female physicians are satirised in the course of the first scene. A most admirable representation of the University Boat Race at Putney is given, full of life and bustle. The Paynes and a companion give a capital parody on the performance of the dancers in "The Huguenot Captain," and a piquant ballet, called the "University Revel," is introduced. The music for the pantomime has been arranged by Mr. W. H. Montgomery, and teems with lively comic street tunes. Mr. A. Harris, and all connected with the getting up of the pantomime, are deserving the highest praise for the Christmas production. The pantomime has been preceded by a new operetta, called "Terrible Hymen," the libretto by Mr. Gilbert a Beckett, and the music by Emile Jonas. But two persons are employed in it—Madame Linas Martorelli as Marie, and Signor Gustave Garcia as Pierre. The music is light and pretty, and the piece forms a sufficient introduction to the pantomime.

DRURY LANE.—The plot of Mr. Blanchard's pantomime here of "Number Nip; or, Harlequin and the Gnome of the Giant Mountain," was given in our last, consequently we have only to recount the special features, and to chronicle its great success. The first of Mr. W. Beverley's efforts is the Willow Island of the Drachenfels. This ballet scene is charming both in idea and treatment. The water is supposed to flow into a grotto, arched over with towering rocks, and canopied with masses of trailing foliage and branches, which dip into the clear stream. The entrances to various caverns are seen, and from the banks of this secluded bay, in the very "beautiful Rhine," the huge leaves of water plants rise in clusters. The Nixies, in delicately-tinted and filmy dresses, are discovered reclining by the river bank, and on a golden pavilion, buoyed up by lotus leaves, Nymphalins (Misses Hudspeth), and Pixies, her attendant (Miss Lydia Thompson), float quietly into the secluded pool. A strong light is thrown from above on to the stage while the water nymphs go through an

uncommonly pretty ballet, invented by Mr. J. Cormack. The *corpsees* are each provided with a spear, and a shield shaped like a lotus leaf. They form all kinds of effective combinations, and spread themselves out, fan-like, after forming a close phalanx, hidden for a time under the broad and glittering shields. An exceedingly pretty effect is here produced by every lady of the *corps de ballet* having a row of deep silver fringe from the shoulder to the wrist. As the arms are extended these threads resemble sparkling drops of water. A graceful and practised solo danseuse, Mdle. Fehrena Stussey, appears in this grand ballet scene. Mr. Beverley has nightly received a call for this magnificent scene. Master Percy Roselle, as Number Nip, performs with an ease, spirit, and mock-regal dignity productive of infinite amusement. He sings, too, with perfect intonation. The Misses Hudspeth and Lydia Thompson, it is needless to say, are two charming representatives of the River Fairy Queen and her "Elfin Chief," and a subordinate fairy, called Lysia, is played by Miss Cardonni. Prince Ratibon, the irascible, is very humorously acted by Mr. C. Seyton, and the fun is much promoted by Mr. J. Robins as the Prince's very obese equerry, Karl Krackwipz. A third and important member of this party is Count Hosschesnutt (Mr. Fitzjames). In the Valley of Biesen-ge-Burge we have not only a beautiful landscape by Mr. W. Beverley, but one of the good old pantomime scenes, and the return to the Drury Lane boards of Mr. Tom Matthews. He performs Hansel, the Silesian farmer, and is well supported by Mr. E. Clifton as Gummer Gethel, his wife. Carynthia, Princess of Silesia, is personated by Miss Seymour. Glum and Grum, a carter and a ranger, are intrusted to Messrs. H. Naylor and J. B. Johnstone. Hans is presently surrounded by a hundred little Gnomes or Nixies, all stitching and hammering to their heart's content. In another scene they carry Chinese lanterns, and produce a pretty effect by moving quickly in lines one behind the other. After the comfortable matrimonial arrangement entered into by Number Nip and the Princess, the Giant Mountain slowly disappears and lets a flood of light in upon the Transformation Scene, entitled The Earth's Treasures. The design develops itself quickly into a Fairy Lake, bordered by rocks, on which are seen sprays of coral. These "stony limits" open, and make way for Fairies to glide out and take their places as if floating on the still water. At the back rises a light pavilion with a sapphire and amethyst canopy, and near the front of the scene are Nixies, which seem to rise and fall over the surface of the lake. Mr. Beverley has received a second call each evening for this gorgeous scene. The comic business follows, in which, as for some years past, a double company of artistes appear. Mr. Harry Boleno is the Clown of the first party, with Mr. Barnes as Pantaloon; Mr. Cormack, Harlequin; and Madame Boleno, Columbine. The second party of pantomimists comprises Messrs. C. Lauri as Clown, S. Saville as Harlequin, J. Morris as Pantaloon, and Mdle. Adele Marion as Columbine. The fun during the whole of the harlequinade is fast and furious, many of the tricks are exceedingly clever and novel, and it is difficult to say which party pleases most. The getting up of the pantomime has been superintended by Mr. Edward Stirling, and reflects great credit upon him for the excellence of the stage arrangements. Mr. Tully has arranged the music in his usual admirable manner. The rich dresses are by Mr. S. May and Mrs. Lawler, the numerous properties by Mr. Needham, and the machinery by Mr. Tucker, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the precision with which all his vast and complicated machinery works.

HAYMARKET.—Here there is neither burlesque nor pantomime this year; but we have Mr. Sothorn in Mr. Tom Taylor's new comedy of "A Lesson for Life;" Miss Rebecca Powell in "A Mere Child;" Miss Ione Burke in the farce of "Jenny Lind at Last;" a beautiful *divertissement* entitled, "Egyptian Bonds;" and, every morning, one of the cleverest *troupes* of little children, called "The Living Miniatures," that has perhaps ever been brought together. They have been admirably trained by Mr. Coe, and their performances consist of singing and dancing, independent of appearing in a merry piece called "Littletop's Christmas Party," and the original Burlesque of "Sylvias; or, the Peril, the Pelf, and the Pearl." A more pleasant morning performance could not possibly be found for this festive time; for both old and young can thoroughly enjoy it. As to the evening performance, the Haymarket company always ensures one of the best at all seasons.

ST. JAMES'S.—Miss Herbert did not introduce her Christmas novelty until Saturday evening last. It is by W. S. Gilbert, founded upon the opera "L'Esir d'Amore," and called "Dulcamara; or, the Little Duck and the Great Quack." The applause throughout was continuous, nearly every parody being encored. Mr. Frank Matthews, as Dulcamara, received the unusual honour of a double encore. Miss Carlotta Addison, as Adina, the "Little Duck" of the burlesque, plays with all the piquancy and coquettishness which could be desired. Miss E. McDonnell, as Nemorino, speaks, sings, and dances with a point and spirit very rarely equalled. Mr. Frank Matthews on making his appearance in the Mountebank's "trap" was very warmly greeted. Some of the best passages of writing Mr. Gilbert has given us are to be found in the "great Quack's" address to the peasants. The author is very severe and satirical upon a certain M.D. whose name appeared some time since in a law court, and whose treatises upon consumption are pretty well known. In this scene Mr. Frank Matthews received the somewhat rare compliment of a double encore, for his singing of one verse of a song with a chorus, to the tune of the popular "Champagne Charley." Dr. Dulcamara has also some good lines to sing, explanatory of Dr. Mary Walker's sentiments. Mr. J. D. Stoyke plays Beppo, a sort of Fanfaronade to the medical Belphegor, and, being blessed with a powerful voice, he is able to do the parodies full justice. Mr. Charles appears for the irresistible Belcore, and does everything possible for the part. Mr. Gaston Murray performs Tomaso, a notary, and, by his careful acting and droll make-up, renders this subordinate character of considerable importance in the burlesque. Tomaso is devoted to Glanetta, a very fascinating villager, charmingly personated by Miss Eleanor Buffon. Miss Marion appears as Caterina, which she plays in a pleasing manner; and Miss Guinness completes the cast as Maria. The *corps de ballet* of the theatre are employed in one or two dances, which have been arranged by Mr. F. Charles, and one *pas de deux* in the Village Market Place scene was encored. The scenery has been painted by Mr. John Gray, and Mr. Van Hamme, has judiciously selected the music. The burlesque was highly successful, and the author was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain.

PRINCESS'S.—Mr. H. Vining still retains the attractive "Barnaby Rudge," but by way of an additional Christmas treat, he has revived Mr. Planche's extravaganza of "The Invisible Prince," produced at the Haymarket twenty years ago, when the cast included the names of Mrs. German Reed (Miss P. Horton) and Miss Julia Bennett. To the old playgoer the plot of the extravaganza must be thoroughly known—how the young Don,

after being persecuted and banished by the Infante Furibond (Mr. George Honey), is presented by a good Fairy with three charmed roses and a cap that renders him invisible, in which he gains admission into the Palace of Pleasure in the Island of 'Tranquil Delights, and meets the beautiful Princess Xquistelittlepet (Miss Fanny Heywood), with whom he falls in love, and ultimately marries, after avenging the many insults heaped upon him by Furibond. Mrs. Wood is thoroughly at home in the part assigned her, and speaks the neat and wittily-turned words and sings the old songs and parodies with hearty relish. Her pretty face and figure are displayed most advantageously in the splendid dress and appointments she wears. She is well seconded by Mr. G. Honey, as the unamiable Infante, while Miss Heywood as the Princess, Miss Augusta Thomson as the waiting-maid, Abriocotina, Miss Montague as the Good Fairy (changed from a snake to her real form through the kind offices of Don Leander), all materially help to render the extravaganza perfect as far as the characters are concerned. Some of the most exquisite scenery ever painted is displayed, and we may especially mention the Lilac Grove and Rhododendron Parterre in the Gardens of the Palace of Pleasure, which calls forth prolonged applause, and a summons for the artist, Mr. Lloyds. The appearance of the Fairy in a brilliant star and her descent are wonderfully well managed, and among the other leading sights of the holiday piece is an Amazonian Guard who go through some clever dances and evolutions. "The Invisible Prince," though old, is a most successful revival, and among new playgoers it will be one of the sights of the season.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. B. Webster having taken the lease of this theatre at so late a period before Christmas, he has retained the burlesque of "Faust," which was the last production under the late management, and has also fallen back upon the sparkling comedy of "London Assurance," the principal parts in which are sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. Resuming his original part of Dazzle, Mr. Charles Mathews displays all that delicious coolness, that polished audacity which we have so often had to identify with the performances of this admirable comedian. The light-hearted Lady Gay Spanker is excellently played by Mrs. Charles Mathews, whose animated style is so well suited to the requirements of the part. The famous description of the steeple-chase is given with immense spirit. Miss Milly Palmer is a pleasing Grace Harkaway, and Miss E. Faren is delightfully smart and saucy as Pert, the lady's-maid. Mr. Horace Wigan, as the old bean, Sir Harcourt Courtly, well sustains his part, whilst Mr. Addison, as the jolly-looking, bluff-spoken Max Harkaway, is exactly fitted to the author's notion. Mr. Henry Neville is a gallant Charles Courtly, Mr. Dominick Murray an amusing Dolly Spanker, and Mr. G. Vincent a characteristic Mark Meddle. Cool is well placed in the hands of Mr. H. Cooper. The performance altogether is an admirable one, and the principals are more than once called before the curtain.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The drama of the "Hunter of the Alps" has been the opening piece this week; but, of course, the principal attraction has been the pantomime, a short sketch of the plot of which we gave in our last. It is, as previously stated, entitled, "The Golden Cask! the Princess! the Page! the Pageant; or, Harlequin and Queen Grumble," founded on one of the Countess D'Aulnoy's fairy tales, and adapted by Mr. A. O'Neil. It possesses many merits, not the least of which is the conciseness of its plot, constituting a moral on the consequences of avarice, and while illustrative of the adage that "true love never did run smooth," awarding a life of bliss to faith and constancy. Mr. Rouse sustains the principal part in the opening. His part, as Duchess Grumble, is to act as rich duchesses are generally credited as acting—namely, to grumble and growl at everything, to wear false teeth, false hair, and to sport other fascinating adornments for the allurements of the opposite sex. He did all this admirably, causing roars of laughter. His make-up is exceedingly ludicrous—one may say, a work of art. Eschewing crinoline as the curse of woman-kind, and dressed in a yellow satin gown, with a chignon of proportions, he is the very picture of the dame he represents. The jealous care with which Duchess Grumble guards her golden casket is most amusing, and artistically considered is only equalled by the jealous hate with which she pursues Princess Graciosa (Miss Leigh), to whom Prince Percinet (Miss L. Pereira) is affianced, and but for the Duchess would speedily be united. The Duchess is wedded to King Miserable, and the nuptial ceremony is the groundwork of a pageant which commingles the two extremes of grandeur and grotesqueness. The "Head-Centre" of the demons (Mr. B. Norman) plays his part well, as does the opposite character, Gloriana (Miss E. Nason). But, in fact, the whole of the characters are capitally well played. Miss Leigh is fascinating and gracious in looks and manner, as on this occasion she required to be; and Miss Pereira and Miss Fanny Leicester, while extremely good-looking in their male attire, make themselves a position in the estimation of the audience by their terpsichorean grace and agility. For humour Mr. Collier appears to have a special *forte*, and like Mr. Rouse wins favour and evokes laughter by his clever mimicry. Mr. Edwin, too, was extremely grotesque when the dialogue demanded that he should be, and ferocious looking when murderously inclined. The scenery is exceedingly effective—culminating in the transformation scene. It is really a scenic triumph, and will ensure the success of the pantomime if nothing else were to render that a certainty. That, too, which constitutes the *finale*—"The Dazzling Halls of Fairyland," as it is called—constitutes a splendid picture, and is no less worthy of the skill of Mr. W. Gowrie, Mr. Broadfoot, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. H. Norman, by whose united skill and taste the whole of the gorgeous effects of colour and tinsel have been produced. Miss Marriott and Mr. Gowrie have both been called on nightly to receive thanks for this beautiful scene. Then commenced the comic business, which was done to perfection, with Mr. Boleno Marsh as Clown, Mr. A. Roby as Harlequin, Mr. W. Lacey as Pantaloon, Miss Emily Emery as Harlequina, and Miss Laura Morgan as Columbine. A better harlequinade and more fun we have seldom witnessed at the Wells, and this is saying much for that home of pantomime.

BRITANNIA.—The pantomime here is called "The Princess of the Pearl Island; or, the Three Kingdoms of Pearl, Gold, and Silver." The opening is by Mr. C. H. Hazlewood, and abounds with songs, parodies, dances, and irresistible comic situations. He has succeeded in finding parts for the established favourite, Mrs. S. Lane, and for the no less sprightly Miss Esther Jacobs, both of whom carol the parodies with which their *roles* abound most sweetly, and give the dances with a vigour and abandon which charm the audience. They are most ably supported by all engaged in it. The whole of the opening part keeps the audience in continual laughter, and the scene of the Golden Land, by Mr. T. Rogers, is most fanciful. In the transformation scene, by the same artist, there are many changes, each of which is a most beautiful scene in itself, until the final change is revealed in all

its brilliancy. A large golden mushroom occupies the centre of the commodious stage, which unfolds into a beautiful flower, from the eight sides of which rise beautiful columns, supported by Cupids; a pedestal in the centre, containing the Queen of the Fairies; and the back and side grounds are filled in with fables in various coloured dresses, which, though strongly contrasting with each other, yet blend harmoniously, and form a most dazzling picture, highly creditable both to the artist, and to the liberality of the manager, Mr. S. Lane, for the liberal expenditure necessary to carry it out. The scene produces continuous rounds of applause, and Mr. Rogers is invariably called for. The harlequinade which ensues is brim full of fun and comic situations, and is well played throughout; indeed, this could scarcely be otherwise with so charming and graceful a Columbine as Mlle. Celeste Stephan, and so sprightly a Harlequin as Mr. H. Fredericks. The Clown, Mous. Jean Louis, a very little fellow, who is funny without vulgarity, and who is most deservedly a great favourite with the audience. The Pantaloon, Mr. W. H. Newham, is all that could be desired. The scenes most applauded in the harlequinade are the Statute Fair, which is irresistibly comic, and the needle gun, which is loaded by the clown, and mischievously fired off just as a party is entering, and who receive the contents, and march about, pierced through with large needles. The harlequinade is thoroughly successful, and is played with spirit and grace throughout.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Space would not admit of our noticing the Christmas festivities here in our last, which on Boxing Day was shared in by nearly 42,000 persons. The building wore the gayest of aspects. The happy and encouraging mottoes that stretched from end to end, suggestive of the season, now and then tempered with the wholesome advice, be merry and wise; the gay profusion of bannets, garlands, and steamers; the huge Christmas tree, rising with giant splendour in the north nave, and freighted with the thousand causes of future delight to the wondering little devotees, who now crowd around it, were, in turns, the admiration of all. A real Punch and Judy, with its inevitable mouth-organ and drum, were the cynosure for the notice of all that could get near it; but the great attraction was the Pantomime of "Little Miss Muffit, She Sat on a Tuffit; or, Harlequin King Spider," produced by Mr. Nelson Lee, and liberally enriched with scenic effects. With the particular difficulties that befel the interesting young lady (Miss Lizzie Marshall) and the web that the wicked Spider (Mr. W. Randall) strove to spin, and in which he contrived to carry off Miss Muffit to the Spider's Parlour to be rescued by Prince Peeples (Mrs. W. Randall), most of the juvenile critics seem to be familiar; but the culminating point of their delight was the gorgeous Transformation Scene, designed and painted by Messrs. Danson and Sons; the introduction of female figures in this scene, and the great mechanical skill shown in the development, were enthusiastically applauded; as also were the vagaries of the Clown and his attendant Pantaloon. But no such an audience ever before witnessed a Pantomime, in point of numbers or decorum. The vast space in front of the stage was filled with reserved seats, the general public behind them; while every seat in the enormous orchestra facing had its eager occupant, presenting a *comp dail* that could never be witnessed in any other building.

THE GENERAL AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHRISTMAS MINSTRELS, at St. James's Hall; the AMERICAN MINSTRELS, at the Polygraphic Hall; MADAME STODARE'S TEMPLE OF MAGIC and ARTEMUS WARD, at the Egyptian Hall; Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, at the Gallery of Illustration; SANGER'S HIPPODROME, with the "CONGRESS OF MONARCHS," at the Agricultural Hall; MADAME TESSAULT'S; the POLYTECHNIC—have all been crowded, but our limited space precludes a full notice of them this week.

A SCHOOLMASTER DROWNED.—On Friday morning as two lads were gathering willows by the side of the river Caldew at the site of the old Corporation Bay, near this city, they observed the body of a man in the water. They gave the alarm, assistance was obtained, the police were sent for, and the body was taken out of the river and conveyed to the St. Stephen's Inn, James-street. The body proved to be that of Mr. James Morrison, school-master at Cummersdale. He had been last seen alive on Wednesday evening between seven and eight o'clock when he was returning home from Carlisle. The evening was very stormy and wet, and part of the footpath in the Holmes, along which he had to pass, being covered with water, he would find it necessary to leave the beaten track and pick his way between that and the river Caldew. The unfortunate man being a cripple, would have great difficulty in making his way along in the storm, as the wind was blowing quite a gale at the time, and it is conjectured that missing his course he had gone too near the stream, and had perhaps been thrown off his balance by the wind, and stumbled into the river. The Caldew was running in high flood at the time, and the efforts of self-preservation of a much stronger man must under the circumstances have proved unavailing. To the deceased death must have come very soon. Mr. James Morrison has long been well known in Carlisle as a schoolmaster. At one time, we believe, he taught the Latin class at the Mechanics' Institute; and some years ago he had a school of his own in this city. He would be about fifty-four years of age. He leaves a widow and family to lament his melancholy end.—*Carlisle.*

A BISHOP HISSED IN A CATHEDRAL.—The *Gazette of Treviso* of the 26th of December contains the following:—"Yesterday morning Bishop Zinelli went to the cathedral, to celebrate Christmas-day, and to address the people. There was an immense crowd present. When Monsignore alluded in his address to the persecutions of which the head of the Church had been the object on the part of the Italian people and a portion of the clergy, there arose very significant murmurs, then hisses, and lastly vociferations. The speaker said that he was speaking from the pulpit of truth, and that the house of God ought to be respected. If that were not done, he added, it would be better for the evil-disposed to retire. The murmurs were such that the preacher had to bring his discourse to a conclusion by giving the blessing. Some disorder took place in the church, and several persons were bruised. The people afterwards collected at the side-door, through which it was thought the bishop would pass. The Royal Carabinieri and the police had great difficulty in dispersing the crowd. The bishop got safe and sound into his palace, accompanied by hisses and hootings. In the course of the evening the people again collected in the neighbourhood of the bishop's palace. Some windows were broken. The corporation of Treviso, in consequence of these events, issued the following proclamation:—"Citizens,—Excited demonstrations made on even justifiable grounds in the public streets may easily overstep the limits consistent with national dignity and what is allowed by law. In the assemblage of yesterday good sense and perseverance succeeded in calming the minds of the people, and in preventing fresh disorders from breaking out. Citizens, let us show by deeds that we are worthy of the liberty which we have acquired at the cost of so many sacrifices."

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

CLERKENWELL.

THE CARRIER OF A THIEF.—Jesse Wilkinson was charged with stealing a pig's head from the shop of Mr. Meyre, butcher, of the Holloway-road. The prisoner was seen loitering about the prosecutor's shop for some time, and then he took the pig's head in question, and walked off. Some time afterwards he was apprehended by Police-sergeant Thomas, 7 Y, and when told the charge at once denied it, but afterwards said it was all right, and that he had taken it for a lark. The prisoner now pleaded "Guilty," and asked that the case might be decided at once, instead of sending it to the Middlesex Sessions, as he did not like that "shop." Mr. Cooke asked if anything was known of the antecedents of the prisoner. Police-sergeant Gould, 35 Y, said the prisoner had been several times in custody, and he had known him as a thief for years. On the 2nd of April, 1866, he was fined 20s or fourteen days for an assault on the police; September 19, 1866, for assaulting a woman with a knife, and attempting to steal, remanded and discharged; October 25, 1866, stealing a roll of flannel, six months' hard labour; July 1, 1867, assaulting the police and a private individual, sent to the Middlesex Sessions, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour; May 16, 1863, assaulting his wife, three months' hard labour; October 21, 1863, stealing a coat, his friends arranged with the prosecutor, and that charge was withdrawn, but he was sentenced to two months' hard labour on a charge of wilful damage; April 19, 1864, violent assault on Police-sergeant Thomas and Police-constable Willis, sent to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and being found guilty was sentenced to two years' hard labour in the House of Correction; July 23, 1866, three months' hard labour for assaulting two police-constables of the N division. Mr. Cooke said that this was a case he could not decide, and committed the prisoner to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

CHARGE OF ROBBERING AN AMERICAN MAJOR.—Joseph Bushman was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with stealing a gold pin, value 2s, from Major Augustus Rawlings, an American officer, staying at the Langham Hotel. Mr. Sayer appeared for the prisoner. The prosecutor said the prisoner, whom he met on the previous night at a *cabé* in the Haymarket, told him he had been in America, and they got into conversation. The fact was he had come to Cowes in the yacht Henrietta, which had won the prize, and he had been dining and drinking freely. He had had the honour of being presented to her Majesty the Queen, and he was rather elated, and felt very generous towards the English people, from whom he had met with great kindness. He recollected that the prisoner took his pin, and although he lost other articles that were all he could recollect. The pin was a present from President Johnson. In cross-examination the prosecutor said he thought the prisoner was a gentleman, but he did not take wine with him. The prisoner showed him great attention. There was a young lady in the room, who was making a plum pudding. He went down stairs with her, and promised to have some of the plum pudding when it was ready. He asked her who the prisoner was, and she told him she believed he had his pin. Charles Greatham, cab driver, said about eleven o'clock on the previous night the prisoner bailed him in Windmill-street, and then pushed the prosecutor into his cab and told him to drive to different places. Having seen something that appeared to him suspicious he watched the prisoner, and saw him take some papers out of the prosecutor's pocket. When the cab was discharged he followed the prisoner and the prosecutor, and he saw the prisoner leave the prosecutor in a doorway. A constable came up and he gave the prisoner into custody. John Hambleton saw the prisoner go out to the prosecutor, and stick the pin produced on the prosecutor's coat. Police-constable Dickens, A 306, took the prisoner into custody, when he said he met the prosecutor at a house in Windmill-street; that the prosecutor was turned out for being drunk, and he put him into the cab, intending to see him home. Witness had made inquiries about the prisoner, and had ascertained that he was living with a woman and had been out of employ for some months. The prosecutor said he did not want to injure the prisoner; all he wanted was his pocket-book, which contained telegrams he wished to send to America. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the police should make inquiries about the pocket-book, and he would therefore remand the prisoner for a few days.

LAMBETH.

CHARGE OF ROBBERY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIRE.—Richard Rolfs, aged 23, who has been employed as cellerman at the Crystal Palace for upwards of eight years, was accused of stealing from the person of Mrs. Mary Chart a gold watch, guard chain, and three coats. Mrs. Chart said that, on the previous afternoon, she accompanied her husband and Mr. Richard Lambert to the Crystal Palace, and, being shareholders, they were admitted into the building. Soon after the fire broke out, and her husband and Mr. Lambert, being anxious to assist in extinguishing it, threw off their coats and hats, and gave them to her to take care of. Mr. Lambert, in addition, handed her his gold watch and guard chain. Soon after she heard something said about the wild animals being let loose, and becoming much alarmed, she asked the prisoner, who appeared to her to be a person in the company's employ, to show her into the garden. He offered to do so, but instead of taking her to the garden, he took her down stairs underground, and when there said, "I must have this watch and chain and these three coats," and she replied that he should not. He then caught hold of her by the cloak, near the throat, and took the things away from her. While he was doing so she called out "Murder," but the place appeared so dismal and lonely that she did not think that any one could have heard her. On her leaving off the prisoner said, "I must have that chain you are wearing also." He was about to take it when she rushed away from him, proceeded along a dark place, and ultimately reached the building, but in what way she could scarcely tell. She complained to the police, and went with them towards the place where she had been robbed, and then met the prisoner. She at once recognised and accused him of having taken her to the cellar and of robbing her, and his reply was, "I did not take you all the way. I only took you to the stairs at the top. It could not have been me, because I altered my coat about that time." He was wearing the same cap as he had on when he robbed her, but in the interim he had put on a leather apron. Mr. T. Chart and Mr. R. Lambert gave confirmatory evidence. Charles Fwyman, 152 P, deposed that after the prisoner was in custody, he said, "All that I know about it is that I saw the lady on the stairs." And near to that place he (witness) subsequently found the stolen coats, and also three knives belonging to the building. The prisoner did not deny being with the prosecutrix

on the stairs, but denied being the person who robbed her. He called the managers to the present and former contractors for the refreshment department, both of whom gave him a good character. Mr. Elliott said he would commit him for trial, but at the request of the officers, who hoped to find the watch, he was remanded.

AN EXTREMELY PAINFUL CASE.

At the Marlborough-street Police-court, on Saturday, Charles Fryer, tailor, living at No. 2, William-street, was summoned before Mr. Knox for assaulting George Saunders, porter, in the employ of Messrs. Harrison and Co., St. James's-street.

Mr. Edwin Lewis appeared for the defence.

The complainant, a young man of very common appearance, said he lived at No. 19, Castle-street, and on the 21st of December, about nine o'clock in the evening, his bell rang, and on going to the door it was suddenly pushed open, and the defendant and his brother rushed in. The defendant seized him roughly, struck him, and tried to bite his hand. He got away with difficulty, and while looking for a constable the defendant and his brother disappeared.

Mr. Knox inquired why the defendant came to him.

The complainant said he had kept company with the defendant's daughter, but as the defendant would not let them get married, the daughter drowned herself.

The report of the inquest was handed to Mr. Knox, from which it appeared that the daughter, Mary Ann Fryer, aged nineteen, committed suicide by drowning herself in the Regent's Canal, leaving behind the following letters:—

"My dear Mother,—As you are determined that me and Harry shall not live together, I will give him up, but it will be with my life. I cannot live without him, and have written to say good-bye to him; and now I will say the same to you."

"YOUR DAUGHTER."

"My darling Harry,—By the time you have received this I shall be no more. I need not tell you whose fault it is. Thy will not let me see you any more, so good-bye."

The medical evidence was to the effect that the girl had been seduced.

Mr. Knox said it was a terrible story.

On cross-examination the complainant said he would swear the deceased girl did not go home with him the night before she committed suicide. He left her at ten o'clock at her sister's, she stating that she would not go home. She came to him at his master's the next morning, and he gave her the keys of his lodgings, and saw her there about twelve o'clock. He did not slam the door in the face of the defendant when he called on him.

James Morrison saw the defendant standing over the complainant, and heard him say, "You —! you have killed my daughter."

The defendant, who appeared so much affected that Mr. Knox told him to sit down, here exclaimed, "I did tell him that he had murdered my daughter."

Mr. E. Lewis could say nothing in extenuation of this lamentable affair. The father had just seen his daughter's body taken out of the canal. He knew that she had been debauched by the defendant, who, although he denied it, had slept with her the previous evening. He knew that it was in consequence of the complainant's conduct that his daughter had destroyed herself, and in this excited state went to complainant without, as he had told him, intending to infringe the law; but he could not believe this statement, as the injury his child had sustained would almost have justified him in strangling the complainant on the door step. He did not deny the assault, but he hoped if there was a conviction it would be without punishment.

Mr. Knox: I must have some reasonable assurance that the defendant will not renew his violence. Step forward, Mr. Fryer. Whatever may be your feelings, and my heart is full of compassion and sorrow for you, there is one thing you must not do, and which as a magistrate I must prevent you from doing. You must not take the law into your own hands. You must promise me to keep from the complainant.

Defendant: I won't see him again.

Mr. Knox: Enough. Let the poor fellow go.

The defendant was then discharged.

ROBBERY IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—On Thursday forenoon a most daring robbery was committed in a railway carriage between the Carnoustie and Broughty Ferry Stations, on the Dundee and Arbroath section of the Caledonian Railway, the gentleman robbed being Mr. Andrew Cunningham, of Carlisle-house, factor to the Earl of Dalhousie. Mr. Cunningham for the past few days has been busy collecting the rents on his lordship's estates, and yesterday he left his residence, taking with him the sum of £1,862, which he intended to deposit in the National Bank in Dundee. The money he placed in his travelling bag, which he generally carries over his shoulder, and wholly consisted of bank-notes, the greater bulk of which were £100 each, and were bound up in a parcel secured by an elastic band. He joined the train which leaves Carnoustie for Dundee at 11.33 a.m., entering a first-class compartment, in which two gentlemen were seated. They asked him if he objected to smoking, and he frankly replied that he did not. They then took from their pockets two meerschaum pipes, which they lighted, and soon filled the compartment with smoke. This is all Mr. Cunningham remembers, and he thereafter fell into a state of unconsciousness, from which he did not recover until the train had reached Dundee, when he found that his bag had been opened and the money extracted. On the train reaching Broughty Ferry two gentlemen entered the compartment in which Mr. Cunningham was, and as he was apparently asleep they did not disturb him, and accompanied him to Dundee. It is supposed that the thieves, in order to accomplish their nefarious design, had smoked opium, and administered chloroform, and on Mr. Cunningham becoming stupefied they had opened his bag, which was secured with a spring, and then extracted the notes. They had then left the train at some of the intervening stations between Carnoustie and Broughty Ferry undiscovered; and they have not since been heard of. We believe, however, that Mr. Cunningham is confident that he will be able to identify the parties; and the police are showing great activity in their look-out for the robbers. One fortunate circumstance in connexion with the affair is that Mr. Cunningham has the numbers of the stolen notes. The banks in Aberdeen and many other places have been telegraphed to, informing them of the robbery.—*Edinburgh Courier.*

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CHRISTMAS-DAY IN BARRACKS.

ONE would almost imagine that the usual daily monotonous routine of barrack life would entirely extinguish the taste for domestic feelings and enjoyments, but that such is not the case Christmas-day, in its annual occurrence, amply testifies. On this day (at least in most regiments) the daily Government banquet of boiled ration-beef is superseded, and a goodly supply of beef, cooked at the nearest baker's, with plum-pudding, is partaken of. But, be it remarked, this holiday entertainment is paid for among the soldiers themselves, by subscription of a day or two's pay, aided by a donation of a guinea or two from the captain and officers of each company; to which is generally added a cask of beer, a few bottles of wine, &c. The daily routine is also broken by the presence of some of the fair sex—the wives of the men—who, dressed in their best, grace the board. Nor are the merry faces of juvenile heroes wanting to give a domestic air to the scene. The rooms also undergo a certain transformation: and, under the united influence of evergreens and fancy pocket-handkerchiefs, present a by no means cheerless appearance. What, however, conduces most to the general effect of "being at home," is the presence of a table-cloth—the festive board being guiltless of such a piece of luxury on all the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. The baked pie being fetched from the baker's, and the plum-pudding duly escorted from out the regimental boilers, the onslaught commences, and ere long the long-talked-of pudding presents the "small remains of beauty once admired." Whilst all this is going on, the colonel, accompanied by the officers of each company, visits each mess, and partakes of a glass of wine at one or two of them. The officers of each company also pay their own men a particular visit, when "his honour the captain" has to go through the ceremony of drinking their healths in a bumper of wine, handed to him by the fair hand of the belle of the messes, the wife or daughter of one of the men. After an appropriate speech, given in a general way, words of approval and encouragement to those who have been steady during the past year, and a mild but kind remonstrance to those who have not, he retires, and we don't know that the discipline suffers from it; it rather tends to promote a kindly feeling between men and their officers, without which military life would be anything but agreeable. At Aldershot, and other places, there are bakery establishments, so that the men can, in turn, partake of at least a bake, if not a roast, in place of the everlasting boil.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

IN our opening article we have given a glance at old English customs on New Year's Day; and, in connexion with our illustration on page 472, we have only to say, that the customs of old have all given place to the social party which is there depicted. Who has not enjoyed a merry, round game of speculation at this festive season, and gazed upon the many changing faces as the cards are being turned up? In our picture we have the queen of trumps turned up, and while the party is holding out for an additional halfpenny or penny for his turn-up, up comes the king, and then the holder of the queen regrets he didn't sell it before. But the king's triumph will be short. The young lady in front, with the proverbial curiosity of her sex, has peeped at her last card, disclosing the ace. What more need be said of a picture the reality of which most of our readers have doubtless already joined in during the past two weeks?

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRANCE.

HERE, the making of presents is the universal characteristic of New Year's Day. From the highest to the lowest, from the child in the cradle to the aged tottering towards their grave, all have presents made them of some kind or other, from bon-bons and toys, up to articles of the toilet or of household utility. It is a day of general rejoicing on the part of the French people, and the parties and receptions are the greatest of the year. The receptions given by the Emperor and Empress are attended by the chief dignitaries of the State and by all the foreign ambassadors. On page 472 we give an engraving of the imperial reception on the 1st of January.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT SANDRINGHAM.

ON Monday, the 24th of December, the good old custom of making presents, which has been established during his royal highness's ownership of the estate, was observed. In the morning the children of the schools were marched up to Park House, where they received the annual gifts of clothing. Each boy was presented with a tweed jacket and a blue cap, and each girl with a red cloak and a hat. The beef was distributed according to the number in a family, in the proportion of 2lb. each for the men and women, and 1lb. each for the children. Each widow received 4lb. of beef. The total number of families that received meat was 169, representing 616 persons. Mr. E. Beck, agent, and Mr. Carmichael, head gardener, handed over the beef to the recipients one by one, as they were called by name, each paying their obeisance to his royal highness.



SERVING THE BARON OF BEEF AT SANDRINGHAM HALL.

The Sandringham choristers were marched from the school-house to the terrace about one o'clock on Tuesday morning, and sang some pretty Christmas anthems, which sounded very sweetly on the morning air, and were heard by the whole household.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Viscountess Walden, General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, Lieutenant Haig, &c., attended divine service on Tuesday at the pretty little church in the park, which had been most tastefully decorated with holly and evergreens, under the superintendence of Mr. Carmichael. The Rev. G. W. L. Onslow, M.A., officiated and preached. The choir sang "Unto us a child is born." On Tuesday afternoon all the school children in their new cloaks and jackets were marched up to Sandringham House to pay their obeisance to the royal family.

NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN.

AFTER A PICTURE BY MURILLO, NOW IN THE LOUVRE. It was about the year 1655 that Bartolome Estevan Murillo painted the Nativity of the Virgin, for the Cathedral of Seville. It was hung behind the altar of the cathedral. It was one of the most pleasing specimens of his second style, and the skill of the composition left nothing to be desired. In the foreground, a graceful group of women and angels were engaged in dressing the new-born babe, and the left arm of one of the ministering maidens was the envy of the ladies of Seville for the roundness of form and beauty of colour, and rivalled in the public admiration the leg of Adam in the famous picture by Vargas. Beyond, St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, is seen in bed, with St. Joachim leaning over her; above, in the air, joyful cherubs hover near the auspicious scene; and the distance is closed by a pleasant landscape.

This world-famous picture was stolen by Marshal Soult from the Cathedral of Seville, when, under the Napoleonic usurpation in Spain, he commanded in Andalusia. The Marshal set a high value on this picture, because, as he alleged, "it saved the lives of two persons." This he told to Colonel Gurwood, in whose ear an aide-de-camp whispered, "Yes, two persons whom the Marshal threatened to shoot unless they gave up the very picture." The artistic and other spoils of this military marauder had been long premeditated. Spies preceded his army disguised, and furnished with Dean Bermudez's dictionary, to mark out his prey of plate and pictures. The aged prior of the Convent of Mercy, at Seville, told Mr. Ford that he recognised among Soult's myrmidons, one of these *amis-voyageurs* of rapine to whom he himself shortly before had pointed out the very treasures which they were then about to seize. What shall be said of this man who committed this and other equally foul robberies, not because he loved art or the Louvre, but in order that he might found a picture-gallery, which, in transatlantic phrase, might be very appropriately called a "picture store?" As Sergeant Soult, serving on the Rhine, may have hatched a case of Johannism from a castle cellar, or a silver crucifix from a village altar for the purpose of selling them for a few livres to his captain, so Marshal Soult, commanding in Spain, bullied or swindled the poor monks of Seville out of their pictures, to dispose of them in time of peace to crowned heads, English lords, and millionaires. In the original picture of the Nativity, the design, colour, tone and touch, combine to produce the unity of composition, and to express the sentiment of tenderness which form such striking characteristics in all the works of Murillo.

INNOCENTS' OR CHILDRENS' DAY.

THIS is conjectured to have been derived from the masses said for the souls of the Innocents who suffered from Herod's cruelty. It is to commemorate their slaughter that Innocents' or Childrens'-day is appropriated, and hence the name it bears.

It was formerly a custom to whip up the children on Innocents' day morning, in order "that the memorial of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and so, in a moderate proportion, to act over the cruelty again in kind." The day itself was deemed of especial ill omen, and hence the superstitious never married on Childrens'-day. Neither upon this day was it "lucky" to put on new clothes, or pare the nails, or begin anything of moment. In the play of "Sir John Old-

castle," the prevalence of this belief is instanced by an objection urged to an expedition proposed on a Friday,—"Friday, quoth'a, a dismal day; Candlemas-day this year was Friday." This vulgar superstition reached the throne; the coronation of King Edward IV was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childrens'-day. Lastly, a mother in the "Spectator" is made to say, at that time, "No, child, if it please God, you shall not go into join-hand on Childrens'-day."

A bust of Lord Macaulay has, with the permission of the Dean and chapter, been placed in Westminster Abbey by his sister, Lady Trevelyan. It rests upon a handsome bracket, designed by Mr. Scott, in the immediate neighbourhood of the grave and of Addison's statue in Poet's Corner.



THE NATIVITY. (After a Picture by Murillo. See page 476.)

Literature.

THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD OF THE RHINE.

DURING the "Thirty Years' War," which convulsed Germany, a fine summer's afternoon, a foot traveller came to the little hostelry of the Traveller's Rest, which stood by the roadside, on the river's bank. His garb proclaimed him a soldier. High black boots were drawn half-way up his thighs, in which a loose pair of breeches lost themselves, and a rusty breastplate covered his buff leathern jerkin. A broad-leaved, low-crowned hat, from which a single black feather depended, was pulled low upon his forehead. He was armed with sword and pistols.

There was something in his martial bearing and firm tread that seemed to denote the officer. So at least thought the little sunny-haired maid of the hostelry who came forth to serve him; for she said at once, "What can I serve you with, noble captain?"

"A flagon of Rhenish, and of your best vintage, mind, and a bit of something to eat, in the first place," answered the soldier, good-naturedly chucking the girl under the chin, like one accustomed to that familiarity; "and then a bed for the night."

"The first I can supply you with; but the second, I am sorry to say, I cannot."

It was a man's voice that spoke. They had been joined by the landlord of the hostelry—a short, purse-like man with a fat face and a red nose.

"And wherefore not?" asked the soldier, carelessly throwing himself on a wooden bench under the tree that shadowed the hostelry with its branches, whilst the girl went into the house to procure the refreshments he had bespoken.

"Because every room is engaged, and I have not a spare bed left. The young Baron Ravensburg, his sister, and their attendants, will arrive here this evening. Their courier was here this morning to bespeak the rooms."

"That's unfortunate. But I am not particular—I am a soldier, as you see—so give me a bundle of straw in one of the out-houses, and that will content me."

"Impossible!" cried the host, with alacrity which rather surprised the soldier; "even as it is I shall be compelled to make some of the baron's servants sleep in the open air. My house is but small, and the baron's retinue is large. Ten miles further on there is an excellent inn. You are used to marching," said the host with an attempt at facetiousness, "and the distance will be nothing to you."

"Excuse me," answered the soldier, tapping the heel of his boot with his heavy steel scabbard, and all the while subjected to a scrutiny of which he was unconscious. "I am not a foot soldier, and in my long marches I have been accustomed to use four legs instead of two. I did not come all the way here on foot."

"Where is your horse?" asked the landlord quickly, and with some anxiety, the soldier thought.

"Some two miles from here," he answered, carelessly.

"Two miles from here!" echoed the landlord, quickly; "there is no house there. Why did you leave him?"

"Simply because he could carry me no further, and I have not been in the habit of carrying him. He was dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes. It happened very strangely. These are troublesome times, I know, but I thought the war had not invaded this quiet province, at least I was told so, and therefore I rode along fearless of danger. When I came to that little glen with rocks and woods cresting it upon either side, I thought—a natural idea for a soldier—that it was a capital place for an ambuscade, and so it proved; for I had scarcely entered it when two carbines were fired from the thicket. My horse neighed with pain, reared up, and then fell to the earth, carrying me along with him. I knew that he was badly hurt, for I have had horses shot under me before; so I quickly snatched my pistols from their holsters, extricated my feet from the stirrups, and went down quietly with him. Fortunately he fell stone dead, and did not kick. I lay motionless on his body and waited for further developments. Two men with carbines in their hands emerged from the thicket and came rapidly towards me. When they were within ten feet of me I arose, and called upon them to surrender, as I was

anxious to learn the cause of this unprovoked attack, there being nothing in my appearance, I thought, to suggest the idea of booty. But the rascals, who evidently thought me dead, were so terrified that they beat a hasty retreat towards the woods, so I was obliged to send a couple of bullets after them to stop them; and being an indifferent good shot they did stop, and unless some good Christian gives them burial, they are likely to stop there for some time."

"You shot them both?" stammered the landlord; and his teeth chattered, and he grew very pale, all but the tip of his nose, which, in contrast with the rest of the face, looked redder than ever.

"What would you have had me do?" asked the soldier, in his usual careless tone. "They might have fired with better success at some other poor devil of a traveller, who might not have got off so easily as I did."

"What could have possessed them to have fired upon you?" exclaimed the landlord, and it almost appeared that he was asking himself the question as much as he did the soldier.

"Precisely the question I asked myself," returned the soldier.

"And since you have mentioned the expected arrival of the young Baron of Ravensburg, I think I have a clue to the whole affair; Some outlaws, having heard of the baron's journey, have formed a plan to waylay him. These two men were sent forward as scouts to apprise the others of the baron's approach. Seeing a solitary horseman approach, they concluded to plunder a little on their own account. As I was not molested further on my way thither, the rendezvous of the band must be beyond there; consequently, the baron will reach this house in safety. Now, if you cannot accommodate me with a bed, I shall take up my quarters to-night upon this bench, for I feel it my duty to warn this young baron, for I know something of the family, of the danger that threatens him."

The landlord gazed curiously at his unceremonious guest. There was no mistaking the man. Courage and determination were highly stamped upon his fine-cut features.

"You are an officer?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Captain?"

"Exactly."

"Disbanded?"

"No."

The quiet smile that accompanied this answer bewildered the landlord. In fact, the captain was an enigma that the worthy host of the Traveller's Rest found it impossible to solve.

The appearance of the maid of the hostelry with a flask of wine and the refreshments the captain had ordered interrupted the conversation.

The host whispered to the girl, and then hurried away.

"What did he say to you?" asked the captain, abruptly, fixing his keen eyes upon the girl's face.

"To wait upon you while he went up to the monastery," answered the girl, unhesitatingly.

"The monastery?" rejoined the captain, leisurely inspecting the contents of the flask of Rhenish, which seemed to be much to his satisfaction. "That old ruin upon the hill yonder? Is it, then, occupied?"

"Oh, yes. About a year ago a party of wandering monks, whose monastery had been destroyed by the soldiers of the League, occupied it, and they have remained ever since. They call themselves the 'Black Brotherhood of St. Bruno.' And very pious and self-denying men they are, too. They keep wrapped up in an odour of sanctity all the time. They never hold any communication with the world without; no stranger is ever admitted within their walls; and whenever one of the brotherhood comes out, he always has his black cowl drawn closely over his face. Though I have been here as long as they have, I never yet saw one with his face uncovered."

"I thought you said your uncle was going there," remarked the captain, carelessly sipping his wine.

"Oh, he only goes to the porter's wicket—he never goes in. He supplies the monks with food."

"And how many bottles of this capital wine a month?"

"I am sure I don't know how many; but I know we have more empty flasks at the end of the week than the number of travellers could possibly have drank."

"I thought so. The close neighbourhood of these good monks accounts for the excellence of the wine. St. Bruno, your very good health. Do many travellers pass 'his way, my sweetheart?"

"Not many; and what seems to me very singular," continued the girl, bending low towards the captain, and speaking in a low, cautious whisper, "none that pass this way ever return."

"Indeed! What kind of a road is it between this hostelry and the next stopping-place?"

"Very lonely and desolate."

"Infested by robbers, eh?"

"I believe so, though my uncle always assures travellers there is no danger."

"Who is your uncle—the landlord?"

"Yes, I am his niece, Bonita, if you please, sir."

"Whether I please or not, is more than I can say; but you please me, my pretty Bonita."

He caught her quickly around the waist, drew her upon his knee, and imprinted a kiss upon her cherry lips. The girl freed herself from his embrace and retreated in confusion, but she did not seem very angry at the liberty the soldier had taken. It was something to be a handsome captain even in those days.

The sound of approaching wheels now attracted their attention, and a light travelling carriage drawn by two horses and driven by a postilion, and accompanied by four outriders, drove up to the hostelry.

The attendants opened the carriage door, and a young man in the handsome uniform of Pappenheim's dragoons, jumped lightly out and assisted an elegantly-attired young lady to alight from the carriage. They were the Baron Ravensburg, colonel in the imperial service, and his sister, the Countess Adalia.

The landlord, who had returned from the monastery, welcomed them, conducted them into the hostelry, while two rough-looking hostlers took charge of the carriage. The outriders stabled their own animals.

The captain had observed all that passed with an attentive eye. He had expected a much larger escort. The lady was without a maid, and the baron had but five attendants, and yet the landlord told him there was no accommodation. There was something wrong.

The baron came from the hostelry followed by Bonita, bearing a fresh flask of Rhenish.

"Good evening, captain," he said, courteously, touching his plumed beaver with a graceful action which bespoke the finished cavalier; "perhaps you will do me the favour to drink this flask of Rhenish with me?"

"With all my heart," answered the captain, cheerfully: "mine is empty."

The baron seated himself on the bench, and Bonita placed the flask and cups before them.

"Stay!" cried the captain, as she was going. "How many monks are there in yonder castle, my pretty Bonita?"

"Twenty, I think, captain," she answered.

"Thank you; that will do."

She went into the house. The baron regarded the captain attentively. His question about the monks seemed to surprise him.

"Do you think of retiring from the world, captain," he laughingly inquired, "and taking up your abode in yonder monastery?"

"I' faith, not I." He filled the cups in that careless, off-handed manner which pervaded everything he did, and raised his to his lips. "Your health, Baron Ravensburg."

"You have the advantage of me," answered Ravensburg, as he responded to the toast.

"Oh! call me Captain Bernard."

"I passed a dead horse on the road. The landlord tells me it was yours. I also saw the bodies of the men slain by you. A narrow escape, captain. By the way, are you in the imperial service?"

"I am not. To be frank with you, my sword is at present at liberty."

"Then take service with me. There is something in your appearance that bespeaks the gentleman and the soldier, and I like you. There is a majority vacant in my regiment which I can promise you."

"On my word, baron," returned the captain, smiling good-humouredly, "you do me much honour on so brief an acquaint-

ance; but we are likely to serve together in a sharp campaign, which is nearer than you imagine. Whether you or I shall take direction of the affair depends upon yourself after you have heard what I have to tell you."

"In heaven's name, what do you mean?" exclaimed Baron Ravensburg, in astonishment.

"Softly—in a whisper—there may be long ears about us. In a word, we are in a den of cut-throats. Yonder old monastery is occupied by a band of robbers in the disguise of monks. The landlord of this hostelry is in league with them. They have been apprised of your coming, and will either attack you here, or to-morrow upon the desolate road beyond. As they know that I am here, from the landlord, and may warn you, I should not be at all surprised if they assailed us here to-night."

"Great heavens! my poor Adalia! I care not if I can save her. Twenty of them, the girl said, and I have but five men,—twenty against six!"

"Excuse me your calculation is erroneous. There are but eighteen against seven. You counted the two who are killed, and you have not counted me."

"You will aid me, then! My dear captain, this is generous."

"My dear baron, it is nothing of the kind. I merely enter into an alliance with you for our mutual benefit; and, as you have the strongest party, the advantage is decidedly upon my side. You they might possibly plunder and suffer to depart; but me they would certainly kill in revenge for their comrades' slaughter."

"Captain, I place the direction of this affair in your hands—myself and people are at your orders. What is the best course of action?"

"Invite me in to supper with you when the landlord announces that it is served. I will secure him. Then your people must secure the ostlers and put them in a safe place. Then collect your whole force into the house, and let us barricade it to the best of our ability. Eighteen men will find it difficult to dislodge seven, even out of this small wooden frame-work. Having deprived the robbers of all means of obtaining information in regard to our plans, I will make the landlord divulge theirs. You have no idea what a persuasive way I have."

This plan was carried out to the letter, and a pistol held by the firm hand of the captain to the head of the guilty and trembling landlord compelled him to divulge all. The baron and his sister were to be held for ransom, and the captain killed, he not being considered worth a ransom. When all had retired to rest the landlord was to admit the robbers into the hostelry.

The captain laid his plans at once. The front door was left unfastened, but every other available aperture was secured as firmly as was possible under the circumstances. The countess and Bonita were placed in the upper storey for security, with the postilion as a guard. The captain, baron, and the others, each armed with a sword and a brace of pistols, occupied the large apartment on the ground floor. The landlord was to admit the robbers one at a time, as had been arranged by the captain of the band himself, and as fast as they entered they were to be secured, gagged, and bound, or killed outright, as circumstances warranted.

The hour for the attack drew near, and every heart beat anxiously. The coolest man of the party was the captain. Unconsciously he had assumed entire direction of the affair, and the young baron and his followers obeyed him implicitly, seeming to recognise his fitness for the position without question.

A stealthy footstep approached the door, and the landlord, assisted by the cold barrel of a pistol, which felt disagreeably close to the back of his head, admitted a robber, who was instantly secured. Another followed, and another, until it came to the eighth—a stout, brawny fellow—who, by an herculean effort, twisted his throat out of Captain Bernard's grasp, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "We are betrayed!"

Two other robbers who were close behind discharged their carbines in at the door, and instantly retreated. A yell of pain answered the discharge, and one man fell in the hostelry. The door was instantly shut and barricaded. Lights were brought forward, and the man who had fallen raised. It proved to be the landlord. He was quite dead, both bullets having taken effect in his body.

After a brief consultation the robbers advanced in a body against the door, attempting to hew it open with axes which they had procured from the stables. They were met with a fusillade of pistol shots that thinned them to one-half before they had forced the door, and then it was the besieged that sallied forth, and not they that entered. The survivors of the band fled.

The fight was over. Fifteen of the band were killed, wounded, and prisoners. The prisoners were treated with the summary justice of military times, being shot at sunrise by the baron's followers.

The baron and his sister renewed their journey in the morning, being attended by Captain Bernard, whom the baron furnished with a horse by dismounting one of his own followers, and Bonita, whom the countess had engaged as maid.

The captain left the baron at the first stopping-place. They parted with mutual expressions of regret. But they were destined to meet again. On the bloody field of Lutzen, when Pappenheim fell, and his routed cavalry fled in dismay before the impetuous charge of the Swedes, Ravensburg was made prisoner. He was led before the victor of the well-fought field, Bernard von Welmer, who had assumed command of the Protestant army on the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, and in the brave soldier and skilful general he recognised Captain Bernard, the destroyer of the "Black Brotherhood."

AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.—A man named Williams, a groom at the circus of Messrs. Bell and Myers, at present performing in St. Helier's, Jersey, received serious, if not fatal, injuries, on Saturday, from an elephant connected with the establishment. Williams, in the discharge of his duty, went to the stables after the evening performance to attend to the horses. While giving water to the horse placed next the elephant, the latter wishing to drink, reached out his trunk, which Williams struck a violent blow, refusing the animal any water. He then, to show to a companion—a soldier of the 69th Regiment—his mastery of the elephant, commanded the animal to perform some of his usual tricks. This was done until the patience of the docile animal being exhausted at the unreasonable demands of Williams, he threw his trunk round him, and pressed him against the stable wall with such force that when the unfortunate man fell to the ground and was picked up he was half dead and bleeding profusely. He was conveyed at once to the General Hospital, where he was attended to; but it is feared that the internal injuries he has received may terminate fatally.

THROAT DISEASE.—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 11d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists. [Advertisement.]

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT EDMONTON.

On Saturday, Mr. Payne, coroner for the Duchy of Lancaster, held inquests at the Cross Keys Tavern, Lower Edmonton, on view of the bodies of Timothy George Gudgeon, aged four months, and Anne Gudgeon, aged thirty-four, the mother of the two children, who murdered them and then committed suicide.

The jury proceeded to the house where the murders had been committed, to view the bodies of the deceased.

The first witness called was William Gudgeon, who said that he is a coach smith living in a house near the Lower Edmonton Railway Station. He identified the deceased woman as his wife, and said that the two children were her children by him. For two or three weeks past his wife had complained of a cold and of sore throat. She was under the care of Mr. Liddler, a surgeon. On Christmas-day last she prepared the dinner for the family and witness's two brothers, but when she sat down to it she did not eat. She got up, saying that as Mr. Liddler had not come she would go to Mr. Morris. She went out, and returned in twenty minutes saying that Mr. Morris had prescribed for her. She went to bed at seven o'clock that evening. At eleven o'clock the witness went up-stairs and found her sitting up in bed with the baby near her. She looked so strangely at him that he went outside to his brothers and said, "I cannot make out my wife; she stares and glares at me in such a strange way." He went into the bedroom again, and she said to him, "Get into bed, for you have to be up early to go to work, and you will not have rest enough." He fell asleep, and he knew of nothing more until his daughter Selina awoke him near two o'clock, and he found the baby dead by his side, with its throat cut. He went downstairs and found his wife on the floor of the kitchen, and upon coming back again he found his son Timothy dead in the second bed in his room. His wife had always seemed excessively fond of the children.

Selina Gudgeon, aged ten, said: On Christmas night I went to bed in my mother's room, as usual, with my sister Sarah Ann, who is older than I am, and my brother Timothy. We slept in one bed, my father and mother and the baby slept in another. I was awake in the middle of the night by my mother standing on me. By the light of the street lamp I saw her reach over to Timothy, who was lying asleep between me and the wall, and she cut his throat. The blood spouted out over my face and over the wall. Timothy never cried. She held my father's razor in her right hand; I knew it by the black handle. She held a white thing in her left hand. I think it was a napkin. She then got off my bed and went over to the other where father and the baby were sleeping, and cut the baby's throat as he lay. I saw her do it, and then she came back to my bed to kill me. She caught hold of my left hand. I begged and prayed of her not to kill me. She seized me by the hair; I struggled hard and got the clothes over me. My sister Sarah Ann was lying between me and the outside of the bed, and she slept soundly. I cried out to mother, "Please do not kill me—please put the razor down." I got my head under the clothes; she came off the bed and put the razor on the mantelshelf. My sister then awoke, and mother asked her where the soap-pail was. My sister said, "On the landing," and then my mother took up the razor from the mantelshelf and left the room. I jumped out of bed and followed her. Sarah was afraid to get up. She stayed in bed. My father was asleep by the side of baby all the time. I saw my mother take up the pail and go down stairs with it. She went into the kitchen with it, and I went in also. She placed the pail down near the fireplace, and then knelt down over it, and I saw her cut her throat. I ran to the fireplace and screamed. She kept kneeling for a little time and then fell over. I ran up-stairs and awoke my father. When he awoke he went into my uncle's room and called them. They had heard me screaming when my mother was trying to kill me, but they thought I was dreaming and took no notice.

In answer to the coroner, the witness said that her mother had a strange way of "following her about with her eyes" for a week past. Her mother was very fond of the children. There was no domestic unhappiness to cause her to commit the crime.

Thomas Gudgeon, brother-in-law of the deceased, who slept in the room next the children, gave confirmatory evidence.

Police-sergeant Howlett, 17 Y, said that he had known the family for years. The deceased woman was very steady and respectable. The family were well off, the husband having good wages. When he was called to the house at two o'clock on the Wednesday morning, he found the razor produced lying on the woman's body in the kitchen. It was stained with blood. The girl Selina had evidently correctly described the way in which the children had been murdered.

Mr. J. O'Brien, surgeon, said that he saw the deceased woman on Christmas Day, when she came to Mr. Morris's about her throat. She seemed wild in her manner, and, to satisfy her, he ordered her to put a poultice on her throat, although nothing was the matter with it. (It appeared that the deceased woman had kept a mustard poultice on during Christmas evening.)

The coroner having summed up the facts, the jury returned a verdict, that "Timothy George Gudgeon and Elizabeth Gudgeon had been wilfully murdered by Ann Gudgeon, their mother, and that Ann Gudgeon then committed suicide while in a state of unsound mind."

A DISPUTE THOROUGHLY SETTLED.—On Sunday evening, December 9, at Sweetwater, Tennessee, one Captain Jenkins had high words with three persons relating to a raid two years ago in which blood was spilt. Pistols were drawn, and Captain Jenkins fell mortally wounded, but succeeded in killing one and wounding the other two of his assailants. All four men died.

RELEASE OF A LONG-COMMITTED DEBTOR.—At the Great Yarmouth County Court, on Thursday week, Henry Duffield, who came up in the custody of Mr. Alloway (the governor of Ipswich Gaol) applied for his discharge, having lain in prison four years and a half. It seemed that the bankrupt had been committed in 1862, the damages amounting to about £260, sustained in an action of breach of promise and an action of seduction brought against him at the Ipswich Assizes. Besides the plaintiffs in these actions, there was but one creditor, whose debt was only £4. The bankrupt had been left £300 by his father in 1862, but alleged that he had lost in the same year at Norwich £250 out of his pocket, while in disreputable company. During his incarceration he had applied twice to Mr. Birch, at that time the judge of this court, for his discharge, but Mr. Birch always held that, under the Bankruptcy Act, he had no power to release a bankrupt who had been imprisoned for damages sustained in an action for breach of promise or seduction, and adjourned the case *sine die*. Mr. Worledge considered that his predecessor had been wrong, and ordered the bankrupt's discharge at the expiration of the usual thirty days. It was stated that during Duffield's imprisonment 180 debtors had been admitted and discharged from the gaol, and that his confinement had been sometimes for months almost solitary, his only companion being a pigeon which had flown in at his window, and which he had tamed. [Suffolk Mercury.]

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE AT BOW.

On Saturday night, Mr. John Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, held an inquiry at the "Milton Arms" Tavern, Milton-street, Bow, respecting the death of George Robinson, aged twenty-three years, who was alleged to have committed suicide in consequence of the death of his wife by cholera.

Mrs. E. Robinson, No. 9, Milton-road, said that the deceased was her brother-in-law. He was an ivory worker. On Christmas-eve, at six o'clock, he called her into the sitting-room and said, "I have taken poison." He pointed to the mantel-shelf, and upon it lay a bottle of laudanum and a paper parcel containing strychnine. Witness sent for a doctor, and Mr. Dovey's assistant came and saw the deceased. That gentleman said that the deceased had poisoned himself, and ordered an emetic and went away. Witness asked the medical man to see the deceased a second time; but he refused to come. He said, "The next time I do I will bring a policeman with me." Another doctor was then sent for; but by the time he arrived the deceased had been suffering from the effects of the poison for two hours.

It was stated that when the deceased was dying two of his brothers were sent for. They were both in a public-house. One of them was drunk. The deceased said to them, "Good-bye; all that anybody can do for me will do me no good. The poison is taken. The grief I felt from the death of my wife has caused this. God bless you."

The brothers admitted that they did not go and get a doctor for their brother. They thought that somebody else who knew the neighbourhood better would do that. The deceased had lost not only his wife by the cholera, but his child also died. Since their deaths he had frequently declared his intention of destroying his own life. He said he could not bear his sorrow. On the day previous to his suicide he had attended a little nephew's funeral, and that fact had reminded him of his late wife and child. Before he drank the poison he said, "I must be off."

A gentleman said that the deceased had attempted to kill himself on two occasions. He once lost £12 in business, and he stabbed himself. When he was going to be married, his father got drunk and sold his things. He then took aquafortis.

Dr. Alfred H. Brereton said that when he was called in to the deceased he found him suffering from the effects of poisoning by laudanum. Witness used the stomach pump, but the poison had then been absorbed into the system. When witness arrived it was too late to save deceased's life. Remedies ought to have been used before. He expired shortly after.

Mrs. Robinson said that the deceased refused to take the emetic, and she told Dr. Dovey's assistant that fact, but he would not come.

The jury expressed their opinion in very strong language about the conduct of the medical gentleman who had refused to go and see the deceased a second time; and after some deliberation they returned a verdict, "That the deceased had destroyed his own life while in a state of unsound mind;" and they requested the coroner to write to Mr. Dovey, and state to him the facts of the case.

A TRAGEDY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

THE *Penang*, August of October the 25th states:—"An awful tragedy was enacted on board of the native brig *Futtee Islam*, of the burden of 145 tons, when she was lying off Trincket, one of the group of islands which form the Nicobars. The *Futtee Islam* left this for Raagoon in August last, but was driven by stress of weather to Archcen, where, after remaining for a few days, she sailed for the Nicobars, and anchored off the island of Trincket, about a quarter of a mile from Pulo Nangkowri, a place notorious for the treachery of its inhabitants, and the many vessels that have from time to time been attacked there. The treacherous natives appeared friendly, and brought coconuts and poultry, which they bartered for cloth, tobacco, knives, and arrack. On the fourth day, five boats came alongside, containing some thirty persons, and five or six went on board and entered into a friendly chat with the *Nacodah*, sitting and smoking with him. After holding parley for some time, one of them called out to a man in one of the boats for fire, which he brought up in a long, thick bamboo. After lighting his cigar, he hit the *Nacodah* on the head with the bamboo and knocked him down. On this, the men, who were quietly seated in the boats and watching what was going on on board of the brig, rushed up with billets of firewood and spears, clubbing and spearing the crew, who ran panic-stricken in all directions. In the confusion, three men, named Sultan, store-keeper, Shaik Doud, topman, and Pakier, cook, ran down to the hold and hid themselves behind wood and mats, where they remained till the noise on deck had subsided. When they emerged from their place of concealment and went on deck it was getting dark, and not a single soul was on board nor a boat alongside. There was much blood on deck, but the bodies of the murdered men had been thrown overboard by the murderers. The survivors got the pin out of the shackle of the chain, slipped it, and put out to sea, there being a little breeze at the time, and arrived here on the 23rd inst., eight days after the shocking tragedy was enacted. The *Futtee Islam* had altogether twenty-four men on board, including the *Nacodah*, all of whom, excepting the three survivors, were either killed or carried on shore by the Nicobarians."

THE USE OF BRASS KNUCKLES.—At the Liverpool Police-court, on Saturday, Henry Hanscome, second mate of the American ship *Resolute*, was brought up on remand from the previous day, charged with having committed a brutal assault upon one of the crew of the vessel, named William Ward. The evidence for the prosecution was to the effect that between two and three o'clock on Friday morning the chief officer of the *Resolute* and the prisoner entered the fore-castle and ordered the complainant to assist in heaving the anchor. Ward told them he was unable to do so, as he was sick. The mates then dragged him out, the chief officer telling the prisoner to take Ward into a room on deck and "slug" him. Ward was thrust into this room, where, as he alleged, Hanscome struck him upon the head with brass knuckles until he was actually blinded by the blood which flowed from the wounds. After the hearing on Friday a warrant was issued for the apprehension of the chief officer of the *Resolute* on the charge of aiding and assisting Hanscome in the offence. The case against him was not sufficiently conclusive, and he was discharged; but the evidence left no doubt that a ruffianly assault had been committed by the second mate. The magistrate said he could come to no other conclusion than that the prisoner used the barbarous weapon, the brass knuckles—for barbarous weapon he must call it—for he could not suppose that the injuries received by Ward had been inflicted with his unprotected hand. The use of brass knuckles was detestable and disgraceful, and he felt bound to mark his sense of it in this instance. He would inflict the full penalty for a common assault. Hanscome must be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two calendar months. [Liverpool Advertiser.]

Varieties.

TO AUCTIONEERS.—The regulations regarding sales are not to be found in any *Bye Laws*.

PROFOUND SILENCE in public assemblies has been thus neatly described:—"One might have heard the stealing of a handkerchief."

You can easily keep yourself throughout the winter from freezing, by getting continually into hot water with your neighbours.

QUESTION IN ANCIENT ZOOLOGY.—Q. Who was the biggest Don that ever lived? A. The Mastodon.

POETRY is the balm of our being; that which makes it, as Burns says, "O'er the ills of life victorious."

The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

PITY is a sentiment so natural, so appropriate to the female character, that it is scarcely a virtue for a woman to possess it, but to be without is a grievous crime.

It is hardly to be called inconsistent, who, guided by the experience of recent facts, turn at last to wiser sentiments, opposite as they may be to those he previously entertained.

A boy at school, when called to recite his lesson in history, was asked, "What is the German Diet?"—"Soukrout, schnapps, and sausages."

CHANGING COLOUR.—Three boys at school were found out in a practical joke, and they all changed colour:—Brown turned white, White looked black, and Green turned crimson.

It is related of the great artist Poussin, that being shown a picture by a person of rank, he remarked, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

A FORTION.

Lizzie (at breakfast-table): "I want some coffee."

Mamma: "Coffee—not coffee! Toffy, my love, is made of sugar—and butter—and treacle and—"

Lizzie: "Then I'll have some!"

In one of the Sabbath schools, on Sunday, says the *Newburgh Herald*, a clergyman asked if any of the scholars could tell who was David's grandmother? Thereupon a little girl responded—"A woman, sir!"

HOLD HARD.—In a biographical sketch of a lately deceased professor, we are told that "he held his chair for nearly fifty years." This is evidently a mistake; for it must be obvious that instead of the professor having held his chair for half a century, his chair must have held him.

"TRYING IT ON."

Old Lady (to bus conductor): "Bad shilling, indeed! Why, I took it from one of your own men."

Conductor (soothingly): "Don't doubt your word, mum, for I know the shillin' well; but I can't take it."

If you would have an idea of the ocean in storm, just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains all drunk, running over newly-ploughed ground with lots of caverns in it, for them to step into now and then.—*American Paper*.

At an evening party the other day, a proposal was made for a rubber at whist. After several deals, an elegant and handsome young lady thus addressed a gentleman who sat near her, "What will you take for your hand?" The young gentleman modestly replied, his eye at the same time brightly beaming, "Yours in return."

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A friend of ours was in treaty with G—, the horse-dealer (who died the other day), for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree for £10. Next morning, however, making up his mind to offer to split the difference, he posted off to the yard, when the person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe?" said he.—"No; master be dead," said Joe, "but he left word you're to have the mare."

"What an extraordinary curve my horse has in his spine," said a gentleman to an Irish groom; "can you account for it?"—"By the powers, sir, and to be sure I am able. I have heard, sir, that before the horse was your property, he was backed against an Irish horse, your honour, who bade him hollow; and I dare say it's the reason that his back never got straight again."

NO APPLICANTS.—The following advertisement was published, a few days since, in a local journal, by the proprietor of a menagerie exhibiting at the fair held there. "The director of the lions' den is desirous of finding a dentist with sufficient skill and courage to stop a decayed tooth for the large lion. The director is regardless of the expense, as the lion suffers greatly from the pain he endures." There were no applicants for the job at the latest accounts.

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.—A story is told of a very polite sheriff, who came near being outdone by a person it was the line of his duty to hang. "Sir," said the gentleman, as the sheriff was carefully adjusting the rope, "really your attention deserves my thanks. In fact, I do not know of any I should rather have hang me."—"Really," said the sheriff, "you are pleased to be complimentary. I do not know of another individual it would give me so much pleasure to hang."—*American Paper*.

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